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TWENTIETH CENTURY VACATION

TRAVELS AFTER MY OWN NOTION

At the Sea Shore and Mountains of New England

MRS. T. WILBERFORCE, Editor

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Mrs. T. Wilberforce

PREFACE.

When the publishers of this book wanted me to do the writing for it this year, I naturally hesitated, for I knew pretty well the kind of an estimate the ordinary man had for womankind so far as writing and preaching goes, so I says I'll write the book under certain conditions, which are these :—"If I'm to be the editor of the publication I'm to be editor in every sense. There ain't going to be any members of the firm take a pair of shears and chop the matter that I have written all to pieces just to please somebody's notion of the short-sightedness of woman. What I write shall go in just as I write it or none of it goes in!" I've got some notions of my own about the twentieth century that I don't want interfered with! So there the agreement rested, and there it's got to stand.

In the following pages I shall try and tell folks how to git health and at the same time enjoy their vacation, without interfering with others, no matter whether it is at the seashore or the mountains, in a hotel, or in some quiet old farm house by forest and stream, after the ideas of these latter days that are approaching the front door of another century.

In starting in on this tirade of advice I feel very much as the man did who said, "I don't have any trouble in regulating my own conduct, but to keep other folks straight is what bothers me." But I ain't going to let the matter bother me any. I've got a duty to perform and I'm going to perform it, notwithstanding Toleration says "folks will think you're working out of your sphere!" But he's just about as encouraging as most husbands, who havn't ever had much ambition themselves! I won't be influenced by him. I shall write the book in spite of him!

MRS. T. WILBERFORCE.

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How to Git Vigorous and Enjoy Yourself.

It doesn't matter whether you are a book-keeper or a house-keeper, a merchant, mechanic or manufacturer, there comes a time, (generally once a year), when you find yourself worn out, with your nervous energy laboring at a tremendously low ebb. Then's the time to stop work and go somewhere. Doesn't make much difference where it is, so long as you can git away from your customary environments—or in other words, away from your best and dearest friends, who are foreverlastingly wanting you to strain up and go to some public gathering, take part in some charity ball, or go with a crowd on a junketing tour to New York or Chicago, just when you feel so exhausted that you would like to git outside of the earth if only for a day, just to see how much comfort and peace there is in being alone.

Don't go to the doctor—avoid him as you would a pestilence. Land sakes! he'll send you to bed and use up all the money you've laid aside for recuperation. 'Taint medicine you need, but rest and a little good judgment. Of course doctors are useful at times; I wouldn't be without my family physician for all the world, for the sake of family traditions if nothing more, any more than I would a watch dog, but goodness sakes! watch dogs are not wanted on all occasions! It's when real tramps and thieves are 'round that they are most needed.

In acute diseases, the doctor ought to be encouraged, but in chronic diseases and that ordinary tired feeling brought on by overwork, I'd as soon take a brownbread pill of my own make as anybody elses.

I don't want to insult a physician as one man has done in trying to describe a duck to a friend of his, when he said that "his feathers made a good tough bed, that he quacks like a root doctor, and his bill resembles a veterinary surgeon's!" I don't believe in making light of anybody's profession in that way, but I have often wished the time would come when doctors would have more conscience about their charges.

A hundred doctors generally have a hundred different opinions, and so I havn't consulted any of them for this occasion. As I said before, medicine isn't what you want, and you don't need some one to enlarge on your symptoms, nor a Christian scientist to tell you that

nothing is the matter and to go right back to work! Nobody ever said "presto" and made a new set of nerves all at once, I don't care what class of fanatics he belongs to.

Pack up your grip-sack or trunk and go to the seashore or the mountains, or to both. That's the first thing to do.

If you go to a hotel that some friend has recommended, you may feel satisfied with the place at once, but if it has not been endorsed, in your dispairing condition you may not at first feel just pleased with all of your surroundings and accommodations. But that will be nothing strange, for you were not contented at home. These conditions will all right themselves as you begin to improve in health, and it will help you amazingly if you will only call to mind the hotel that Mr. Artemus Ward stopped at in Arizona, where they gave him a bag of oats for a pillow. Artemus said that he wouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't given him the nightmare so all night long! In the morning the landlord said to him: "How do you feel old hoss, hay?" and all that Mr. Ward could say was that "he felt his oats!"

When you git settled down don't try the first night to show the other guests how smart you are at playing whist. I knew a merchant of Boston, where their diet is supposed to be mostly literature and east winds, who went to the mountains of New Hampshire expressly to recover his health. First thing he did was to begin to play whist, and keep it up until 10 or 11 o'clock every night. Every morning he would tell me that he must stop it for it made him feel worse every time he played. But the next night he would be playing again, and so he kept it up until I finally got disgusted and told him I believed he would play cards if he thought he was going to be sent down to Perdition in the morning on account of it! And I guess I said some more things that I may have to answer for, but it was a wonderful relief for me to say something. I don't know as it's any worse to say what you think than it is to think what you dasn't say, if by speaking up it does some good! That man's experience is the experience of ninety-nine cases out of a hundred who go to hotels for rest.

The best way is to make it your business to know nobody but the landlord, and follow it up for two weeks. If everybody wants to think you a recluse, so much the better, for then they will keep away.

Take your meals regular, and don't try to see how much but how little you can eat. Franklin says "If you would live long eat less," and there is a world of truth in it.

Don't ever comment on food that is placed on the table, nor joke

about it, for it is a piece of bad manners. T'other day I heard a drummer say that he'd had hash for breakfast and he'd felt like everything all day! Now while that ain't very bad, nevertheless it's comment. I've known some folks to sit down to a table and find fault with the service and about everything that was brought on, until they found out that the other folks at the same table thought everything was about right, and then they'd all of a sudden change their minds and feel satisfied that they had got into such a good hotel. I suppose they did it to

"There's more mystery connected with this old Stone Mill at Newport than it's wuth."

make folks think they'd travelled, but that's dreadful poor evidence in my opinion.

Select carefully the kind of food that fits your stomach best and is the most nourishing—you are the best judge of that if you will use the brain that is in your head, that was designed to be used in this line as well as in business. One person out of ten can drink pure java coffee, but the other nine ought not to use it. It stimulates the nerves into such an abnormal condition, it will require months of fasting to cure. Of course you want a hot drink in the morning, and to satisfy this crav-

ing, order cereal coffee, which is nothing but nourishing liquid food, doing no harm but a great deal of good. Postum cereal, and other brands of food coffee have done more, during the past year, in my opinion, to make healthy men, women and children, than all the medicinal compounds in the universe.

If you have got run down from drinking liquor, of course you'll have to stop that, and if the habit has got a firm hold on you, there ain't no sure power on earth that can stop you from drinking. The only sure way is to git your spirit down on its knees before the Creator of your body and soul, and tell Him that you want Him to help you to stop the habit, and if you are in earnest, He'll do it.

I recommend pure milk in place of all liquors, but that ain't saying that pure spirits don't do some folks some good, for they do. But it was designed only for medicine, same as opium and other pizen drugs.

Don't be a slave to your appetite! I believe there is more intemperance in eating than there is in drinking liquors.

Go to bed at 9 o'clock every night, and sleep at least an hour every afternoon. After your daily nap, go out into the fields and forest and study nature. Don't try to study all there is all at once; it's too big a job. Just sit down by some tree and learn a lesson of its make-up and staid and contented qualities, and notice that it don't worry because it can't walk all over the universe, but is satisfied to be just what it was designed to be by the Almighty, and thrusts its roots deep down into the earth in one place where it can git the kind of nourishment that will make a giant oak or a stately pine as grand and substantial as the eternal hills. If you can't git profit out of such a study, you couldn't git health and happiness if it was dealt out to you in bucket fulls.

Not only from the trees do we git lessons in nature, but from the brooks and rocks, the flowers and leaves, and from the animal kingdom, and they all do us good. Last week I was telling my son what a lesson there was in a leaf, and after I'd got through and felt that I'd done my duty by making a good impression upon his receptive soul, he spoke up and says, "Mother, there may be great lessons in a leaf, but I think I've got bigger and more lasting lessons from a switch!" I told him to go right out to the barn and help his father thrash! How boys will pervert things.

Don't go to church until you git well rested. You go to build up your constitution instead of a country church. Not that a church isn't all right, for it's the grandest institution on earth, but you can attend to that later. Everybody needs to have before them constantly

the example and faith of Jesus Christ to keep them from stumbling into folly and waywardness by the contaminating influences of agnostics, atheists and infidels, which you are sure to meet more or less in all public places. It's my opinion, however, that all of them put together havn't got so much wisdom as an ordinary bandy-legged pismire. If it wasn't for Christian society they couldn't carry on business with security and safety. But they can't see that with their blind eyes.

An agnostic ain't any more like an infidel than an infidel is like an

At the Spring.—"How girls will train sometimes."

atheist, and the whole three bunched together and run through a threshing machine would come out jest about the same kind of chaff, without real wheat germ enough to keep a hog alive mor'n a week at the longest. An agnostic is a man who is very enthusiastic over something that he don't know anything about. An infidel is a being who hasn't got any religion of his own that's worth anything, and he doesn't believe anybody else has. An atheist! Well, he's got the blackest countenance that you can imagine. He's worse than a pessimist, although not half so fretful and annoying. When a real atheist eats an apple he spits out

the juice and swallows the core. After a time this gives him the dyspepsia, and then he says there ain't any God! He never gives any satisfactory reason, and generally repents before he dies—if he gits a chance.

I don't want to preach a sermon, but want to see if my orthodoxy is all right.

If you think your ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and feel that you have a little more of an honorable descent or pedigree than some folks, try to be charitable, and at the same time prove what you say, for of course you know that that old historical boat has got to be pretty heavily loaded now, and some people will be uncharitable enough to think you are mistaken. And then if your position in life tends to make you proud and vain even to affectation, if you want to be cured and happen to be at the seashore, just git up a party and hire some old fisherman to take you all out in his boat fishing, right after a south-east blow, or to help him pull up his lobster pots. After a little while you will naturally be seasick, and then your cure will begin. Mr. Billings says he never knew a man to put on airs when he wanted to vomit.

You can often convince yourself that you are not half as set in your way or as sincere as you think you are, if some little thing only comes up to prove it. Why, I've known of a good prayer meeting being broken up by the dinner bell! Which goes to show, as women have always said, that you can git at some men's hearts through their stomachs quicker than any other way. But that's natural. You can convert a tramp easier after he's been fed than before, unless there's a wood pile in sight.

Don't go fishing for some time after you think you are well, for it's a dreadful nerve exhausting exercise, unless everything moves along smoothly. Then again, it gits you in the habit of exaggerating, and you can't afford to do that until you are strong enough to endure it.

I remember once when I was in Jackson, N. H., I went out trout fishing along with my daughters in the Glen Ellis river. You needn't be astonished at this, for woman has just as much right to go fishing as man has, and she's enough sight more skillful and patient, and she doesn't go round bragging about a lot of little fish as if nobody else could do such things.

Well, Toleration staid at the hotel because I suppose he was ashamed to be seen fishing along with his wife, but time was when he thought 'twas the dreadfulest nicest kind of sport and comfort to go fishing along with me and sister Jane. But that was before we were married. Matrimony seems to bring some folks to a sense of shame

and discomfort for every sensible thing that they ever did or wanted to do.

We went down stream, catching quite a number of sizable fish, and when we had got about half way to Goodrich Falls, we found quite a sharp bend in the river, where there was an eddy and good deep water, filled with submerged rocks, which I calkerlated was a good place for trout to hide under. So we sot to fishing, and the water made so much noise a running along, the fish couldn't hear us very well even if we didn't keep very still. We had caught a half dozen out of this one hole, when I accidently broke my pole. But I didn't give up. I cut a birch rod, tied six feet of line to it, put on a good tempting bait, and stepping out on to a bowlder a little way from shore I dropped my hook in just beyond a large rock a few feet farther out, just as the worm was wriggling and twisting to beat all, and it hadn't any mor'n got settled down to the bottom before—*snap, swish, whirr*,—something caught hold of the end of that line that made me as nervous as a witch in a second! Of course I dasn't let him run because I hadn't any reel, and so I gathered myself together and snaked him out jest as a boy pulls out a pickerel or a mud pout! The way he struggled and held on was a caution, but finally I swung him over my head and landed him full ten feet up on the embankment, and when he struck he fell off the hook! The bank was shelving, and every bound he made he got nearer the water, and seeing that I might lose him I called to Madalene to "*stop the fish*," but instead of stopping him she jest stood and looked, perfectly bewildered! Then I says to Hattie, "for conscience sakes don't let that trout git into the river! I'd rather lose my pocket book!" And there she stood jest as unconcerned as if there wasn't anything uncommon happening, without budging an inch! Finally I knew something must be done right off, so I threw my pole into the water and jumped to the shore, sprawling around as gracefully as a woman of fifty can, and landed in front of the trout jest in time to have him land in my hands at the water's edge, but he was so slippery he slid out of my fingers into the water and away he went. Well, if ever I felt that life wasn't wuth livin' it was then! Seemed as if he weighed five pounds when I pulled him out, but probably he wouldn't weigh mor'n two, but he looked as big as he felt; and to lose such a big trout as that would discourage most anybody. I sputtered and scolded, and finally sot down on a rock, and there I sot for mor'n an hour jest a thinkin'. When I finally come to again, I says, "we intended to stay all summer, but I guess we'd better go home in the morning."

In the morning I thought how foolish it was to let such a little thing upset me, and so decided to stay six weeks longer, and we did. But there is something dreadfully unnerving about fishing, so don't do it until you are strong. Such an experience is enough to give a run-down constitution nervous prostration.

After you have ignored everybody, dieted, slept and communed with nature for two weeks, you will find you have stored up a whole reservoir of nervous energy that you can draw from for the next year to come if you don't git foolish the remainder of the summer, and let it all out again. You'll forgit all about how run down you felt when you came, and you'll keep gaining all the time. Then you can begin to notice folks and git acquainted if you feel like it. You can stay down in the parlor in the evening and enjoy the social life, and study human nature if you want to, but don't sit up later than 9.30 o'clock all summer long, no matter how well you feel.

If you are a young school girl of course you've brought along a lot of nice clothes, and you'll want to wear them. Well there ain't no law agin it. You can wear three suits a day if you want to. And I know of lots of girls and young ladies that are not so very young, that like to wear a lot of nice clothes at summer hotels, too. Well, there ain't no law agin them wearing all they want to. Why, bless you souls it's enough sight better to have some ambition to look well than it is to be careless with your wardrobe.

There ain't anything that pleases me more than to see young ladies dressed up in all the most stylish ferbeloughs that their parents can afford, and to see them promenading through the stately hallways, up and down the broad piazzas, or along the seashore taking their constitutionals, or out riding in a carriage with a span of nice horses, (provided the tails of the horses havn't been chopped off), with their ribbons flying and their faces a smiling, or sailing in a yacht, looking as pretty as a bouquet of flowers. I say there ain't anything more beautiful, unless it is the girl who can't afford many changes, but still wants the benefits and the pleasures of the seashore or the mountains the same as other folks, whose cheeks have been touched by nature's rose tints, with a face full of an expression of kindness, and with such a glow of health that wherever she goes all are attracted by her loveliness, although she wears only one plain outing suit of white flannel the whole season through. Whenever she comes into our presence in the parlor, somehow there seems to be a whole appletree full of blossoms shook out so that the whole room is filled by their fragrance. How I do like to see such girls and come

under their beautiful influence. It helps old folks as well as young folks. She shows that she has been brought up by parents that have thrown around her that magic circle of love that nobody dast encroach upon, and that she has honored her father and mother enough to live up to the high ideal of womanhood that they have taught her to live. Such a daughter is wuth mor'n all the titles of Europe, with their estates thrown in, and a far greater blessing.

There are a good many daughters and sons that do all in their power to make their dear old mother and father as comfortable and happy as they possibly can be—at the poor house. But the kind of

"Go out into the fields and forest and study nature."
(Scene near Lake Winnipesaukee.)

children that I have been telling about will never allow any such thing to happen to their parents, thank the Lord.

The best society of most hotels is the elderly people who come every year as long as they have strength left to come with. If there is anything that interests me it is to listen to the counsel of an old gentleman or an old lady. Is there anything more beautiful? They have seen just what there is in this world and know all about it, and if they are willing to impart their knowledge to others the young folks ought to listen with attentive ears, and profit by their experience. I always

had the most profound respect and love for the aged. There is another class in a summer hotel that can make things interesting, and that is the middle aged folks. They generally are very social and want to make everybody happy, because by so doing they enjoy more real pleasure themselves. But once in a while you will meet some one who seems as distant and far away as a person does that you see through the wrong end of an opera glass. But it may not be all their fault, for you may be walking in the opposite direction as fast as they are walking their way! If you would both git right down to the Golden Rule the distance would be obliterated before you knew it. If some one doesn't speak to you, if you stop to think you will probably remember that you didn't speak to them, and that's as broad as it is long, and a little broader.

The more everybody tries to have everybody else enjoy all of the sports that are going on in a public hotel the better it is all 'round, and particularly for the landlord and the landlady. If I pay for my suite of rooms I am entitled to be as exclusive in them as I please, but if I try to git up some little stingy clannish circle for entertainment in the public parlors, inviting only my favorites to join in the sport, I am like the man that prayed for "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more. Amen." Then I'm ungenerous, narrow minded and encroaching on the rights of the hotel management, whose duty it is to see that all of their guests have equal rights in their hotel so far as entertainment of a public nature is concerned, as well as in other public privileges, and anybody who ain't willing to conform to their rules and regulations ought to be sent home in disgrace. But there ain't many such cases as these, and it's a blessed good thing there ain't. Riches and poverty are both so passing that it ain't wuth while to let either of them stand in the way of our happiness and that of those about us.

Everybody may not agree with these sentiments, for I am well aware, as one writer says that "people of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours." But the truth will prove itself without anybody to defend it, and what I've said is the truth.

It's an easy thing to be kind and polite, and that's all that is required to git along under all circumstances, although one gentleman says that "some folks are naturally so cross and crabbed that it is an insult to them to ask them to be polite. You might as well ask a dog to take the crook out of his tail and be a gentleman!" But I don't believe everything that I hear. My confidence in mankind is a great consolation to me.

Every person who is trying to git benefit physically as well as mentally, at any summer resort, should make it a practice to take a ride every morning or afternoon along the seashore or among the hills and mountains, for by this pastime you are taking in oxygen faster than by any other means, and oxygen is life. A bicycle is all right for robust people, but for folks trying to build up it is too violent exercise. If you haven't an automobile then a horse and huggy is the right thing.

If after you git to feeling well and want to continue that way, try and not let little things trouble you, and always try to be contented, never

"I stuck my head out of the window of the above train and took a picture of Crawford Notch, with my camera."

allowing yourself to git into the habit of criticising things and conditions that you are sure to see all about you. "A contented mind is a joy forever." But you can't be contented if you criticise everything you see from Alpha to Omega. For sometimes you bring reproach upon yourself, and then you are all stirred up and git hystericky.

Why, I've known women before now to criticise the wardrobe of some other woman, and particularly their hat or bonnet, laughing and poking fun about it, when actually the woman that was alaughing had on a bonnet that must have made the Goddess of Fashion shed tears! Better remember that we don't see ourselves as others see us. When

we want to poke fun we'd better ask some friend of ours to look us over critically before we begin. If somebody wants to dress so that they'll look like all possess, let them go on with their notions! Can't you see that the contrast will be greater between your finer tastes and theirs? Comparisons are all that show off well dressed folks successfully. If we all had the same tastes we'd be miserable. But, after all, dress and beauty don't amount to everything. I've seen some of the homeliest and oddest mortals that you could find on top of the earth that could paint beautiful pictures or sing songs that would charm your soul.

But it's human nature to follow along in the same old rut that nine-tenths of the people are a travelling in so far as fashion is concerned. If fashion dictates a sugar scoop shape of a hat it's got to be worn, and if it calls for a great bunch of lace and bugle trimmings, that must be worn too, no matter whether it's becoming or not. But men are just as bad as women! Sometimes I think they're worse. I never could understand how rich men, some that call themselves real swells or dudes, young and old alike, bald-headed and those that part their hair in the middle—I say I never could understand how 'twas that they could order their tailors to iron a crease in the front and back side of their pantaloons so as to make them look for all the world as if they were ready-made right out of a Jew clothing house! Well, it goes to show, as Mr. Shakespeare says, "What fools these mortals be." I suppose if fashion called for paper collars, they'd wear them just as spruce as can be, and call themselves leaders of fashion.

You needn't be alarmed about the comfort that most summer hotels afford, for I've travelled all over the seashore and mountain resorts ever since 1881, stopping at houses charging all the way from $8.00 a week to $30.00 a week, and among them all I never slept in a poor bed yet, and every one of them was neat and clean. I wouldn't sleep on feathers if they'd give me the feathers with the geese thrown in, but you are never afflicted with anything of that kind. They use mostly mattresses that are cool and comfortable, and of course good geese feathers are a luxury for pillows. I understand they've got up a new-fangled notion for a mattress that you can blow up with air that is wonderfully comfortable. When you sleep on one of these you are actually floating on air, and no mistake. They're got up by a concern in Providence called the Mechanical Fabric Company, I believe, and they sell lots of them for camp life. I should think they'd be wonderfully good for that, because they can be carried round so easy.

Now what I've had to say about summer hotels doesn't apply to all

commercial houses, for I've known of a numerous number of them to be afflicted with *cimex lectularius*, which, being interpreted, means that class of hemipterous insects vulgarly called "bedbugs." I like the scientific name the best, because it does away with that creeping sensation, and is just as fatal to the bug. Where there's real cleanliness these nocturnal pests can't exist, and that's the reason they're never seen at summer hotels. I don't like to talk about these filthy things, but I want you to start out with a clear understanding and an uncorrupted imagination.

COSTS SO MUCH.

There are hundreds of folks that think they can't go to summer resorts because they think it costs so much to stay there. Now that isn't so. You haven't got to cover everything you want with a dollar bill half so much as you think you have. You can git board at nearly all watering places at a price to fit almost anybody's pocket book. If you are a millionaire of course you will want to go to the larger hotels where they have an extensive service and all of the luxuries that money can buy, and you know that you can always find them everywhere. If you are a person of moderate means you can find plenty of good hotels that will feed you on just as good food and just as well cooked for $10.00 and $12.00 a week if you stay any length of time, as if you paid $18.00 and $30.00 per week. And for the young lady clerks and school teachers there are good accommodations for them at good hotels for from $7.00 to $9.00 per week. And there are numerous boarding houses and farm houses where one can git good home comforts with a good and well spread table for $5.00 a week. Goodness knows these prices are low enough. There is scarcely anybody who can't save up twenty-five dollars by which to take a vacation for their health's sake somewhere in New England where travel is not very expensive. I could always hire a good turnout at a summer resort for less money than I always had to pay in the city. You can live as reasonable at summer resorts as you can at home if you use judgment, outside of the expense of travelling. Most people go to summer resorts to git needed rest and recreation and some entertainment, and such folks are always benefited, but if ever you make up your mind, be you rich or poor, that you intend to lead a continual life of pleasure you won't git the thing you are looking for. To such folks I recommend the following recipe, which comes from a friend,

and which he says is a great help to folks that are inclined to a life of ease:—"To one ounce of pleasure add one pound of repentance!" I think myself it will help lots of folks.

Don't try to rush matters in trying to enjoy yourself and to git well again. Making a lot of noise and cutting a great figure don't help matters, and they make other folks uncomfortable. I used to know a man in prayer meetin' who would say "amen" and "glory to God" so often and so loud that he disturbed everybody else present. When he had got about so far, Brother James used to go round to his seat and ask him for a dollar for missions—no more "amens;" he'd be as mum as could be all the rest of the evening. He was just a shouting to hear himself and have others listen. Be sincere when you say anything, and then you won't be put down so easy. But then, don't overdraw things when you talk, for that brings up comparisons that are sometimes not pleasant, and shows up things in a different light. I heard a young lady evangelist not long ago in Providence, who was a dreadful interesting preacher, but one evening she said that if she had not done just as God wanted her to, she might have been simply the wife of a man in a common sphere, and never risen above it. But when she said that, she couldn't have remembered the young lady who married a common farmer, and settled down in a log cabin on Nolin's creek in Kentucky, and moving from there farther west, she lived in several other homes, but all of them were log cabins, and some of them had only mother earth for a floor. She had few household effects, but she had the same hope for better things as all girls have, but she never realized them. She was a Christian girl, and the mother of a son and daughter. When the son was nine years old she died and went to heaven, and that son when he became President of the United States said, "All that I am, and all that I hope to be I owe to my angel mother." I want to know if that ain't a crown of glory as great as any girl in any sphere can ever hope for? To be honored with a son like Abraham Lincoln, who has written the name of his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, on the pages of history so that it can never be erased, is a monument that few women can expect to have. No, it doesn't do to make too lucid comparisons, nor to ignore lowly conditions. Of course the girl didn't mean any harm, for she is one of the best Christian girls I ever heard talk.

Where to Go and How.

It ain't my duty to tell of all of the beauty spots of the earth's surface, but I propose to tell of some of the most attractive places to be found on the earth, principally in New England along the Atlantic coast, and in New Hampshire, among the White Mountains. I shall begin with the Indian fishing grounds,—

NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Now, this body of water was evidently named in honor of the Narragansett Indians who inhabited some of its islands and most of the west coast. Who named it nobody seems to know, but it sort of grew into existence I suppose by common consent. While we're sure we've got the name, there's nobody in particular to blame.

I have a notion that the Narragansett Sachem, Canonicus, or his nephew, Miantonomi, had something to do in the way of encouraging the historian to help along the continuance of this name Narragansett, because they wanted the name of their famous tribe hitched on to some salt body because they thought it would be better preserved on account of the salt, and so it has been known as Narragansett Bay ever since those famous chieftains passed away. As there doesn't seem to be anybody that can successfully deny this statement, I suppose it will have to stand as a matter of history the same as the story of the Old Stone Mill and the yarn about the Norsemen, both of which are more or less true, but principally less in my opinion.

The most considerable place of business on this bay is Providence, at the extreme head of the bay, and if you are a stranger here on business, be sure to call it a city before you leave town, if you expect to have your orders filled promptly, for everybody here is very proud of the place, and because it has a population of some 170,000 (after annexing a town or two), of course it is entitled to that distinction.

That reverend gentleman, Roger Williams, who was banished from Massachusetts colony because they thought him a heretic, is the man who settled the place and called it Providence in 1636. It wasn't many years afterward that he had the opportunity of getting square with the people around Boston and Salem, by saving them from being scalped,

every one of them, by the Indians. He learned of the plot against them, and sending a warning to them of their danger, saved their lives and their settlements.

The worst part of his being driven out of Salem was the fact that he had to leave his dear wife Mary behind with two children, one of them only three months old. Just think of the sufferings of that poor woman! I can never forgive those folks for such an act as that.

What a man Mr. Williams was! He said "Kings and magistrates must be considered invested with no more power than the people betreat them with." And he lived up to that notion as long as he remained on earth. He knew how to crowd into the smallest State in America the biggist soul liberty that the world has ever known.

Mr. Williams established free and religious liberty here, for he wanted folks to git nearer their Creator evidently without so many rigid notions of creed, and with less graven images in folkes' makeup. But still we've got a few Close-Communion Baptists left, and while we never got so far as to hang witches because the smell of brimstone was at times noticed in the neighborhood, nevertheless we incarcerated that excellent gentleman, Governor Dorr, in the old State prison that used to stand on the grounds where the State Normal School is now located, just for advocating in a practical way the notions of good government that are now in use to-day throughout the whole State. The poor man evidently died of a broken heart. Governor King was then the boss of things, but to-day the name of Dorr is on the lips and in the hearts of almost everybody, while King's name is sometimes but seldom mentioned.

As a city we brag of our schools and colleges, because they are considerable, the same as most other New England cities that are up to date. Brown University was established in 1764, and the number of pupils average about one thousand yearly, including both the young ladies and young gentlemen. As a university it stands very high, way up on College Hill, the highest point in the city. Some of the biggest men in the country got their learning at this college.

The Friends' School comes next in importance, and was established in 1784, and is one of the best institutions of learning in the United States. The boys and girls that go here are cared for in a good boarding house that is connected with the school. A lot of our great men and women got their early education at this school—in fact many of them never felt the necessity of going to any other school to equip them for their life work, and that's wuth talking about.

Our business college, the Bryant and Stratton, is one of the best. Business men all prefer pupils that graduate from this school in preference to those that come from other places. If a boy or girl has got any business qualities, Mr. Stowell will put them through the sprouts and bring it to the surface, and he won't thrash it out of them, either. If a boy has got to be flogged to make him know something he won't amount to such a great sight. Beats all how the young ladies in this school can mark down everything as fast as you can talk, and then turn round to a machine and in a few minutes hand you a sheet of paper all printed

"Roger Williams Park is a beautiful place."

with everything you have said! 'T wont do to talk much nonsense afore such folks if you don't want it repeated. Girls are made as useful in business now-a-days as boys.

Our new public library now stands among the best in the world, and we are amazingly proud of it. It contains thousands of the best books ever got together under one roof.

We have the same notion about the school children going to school as they have in some other cities. They mustn't start until they have been vaccinated. Now Mr. Justice Gaynor of Brooklyn, N. Y., says that "compulsory vaccination is illegal," yet folks think they must obey the State law or city ordinances that was got up mostly by the doctors,

and they keep putting that nasty virus into the arms of their children whose blood was as pure as could be before that thing was done. Time will come when the practice will be considered as one of the relics of barbarism, the same as punching a hole through a little girl's ear so that she can wear an ear-ring made of brass or gold. The African woman goes one step further and puts a ring in her nose, the same as a bull has; I'm glad to see mothers of the last one or two generations refusing to do this thing just to help along the jewelry business.

Like every other city we've got the best fire department and police force in the world. We have good hospitals and asylums for the deaf, the infirm, the insane, the aged, the children, and for the lazy. Our ministers are mostly orthodox. Our doctors, mostly allopaths, homeopaths, and some Thomsonians, have just the same ambition I suppose as they have in all other cities,—$2.00 a visit.

General Washington and General Lafayette paid a visit to our city once, which made us feel so proud we've lived on the reputation that their visit gave us, for many years. Now that that has got to be an old story we've begun to put up new buildings, and improve the sewerage and the highways mor'n ever before. Our State House, the new one I mean of course, is quite an expensive one, being built of white marble, and is large enough for the State of Texas. It is hoped the structure will be done next winter when the men folks, the voters, will be enabled to put men into the legislative body from the farming districts and other places, that will accord well with the new palace; who will fully appreciate the statuary and the appropriateness of the architecture, so as to quiet the anxiety of their constituents, who can only see the tax end of things. Our legislators are all a good sensible looking lot of men, and I have no doubt that they are real honest. I can't say whether they're as "wise as serpents" or not, but I'm satisfied they're as "harmless as doves."

The City of Providence is probably the best in New England for people to stop in who want to be in a busy place where they can take advantage of boating and fishing on the Bay, and enjoy a sail on the steamers that ply between Newport and this city, to Bristol, Warren, Fall River, Seaconnet Point, the islands in the Bay, Block Island, New York, etc. There are numerous family hotels located on quiet streets in the city, where prices are reasonable, and many parties take advantage of these conveniences instead of going "down river" to live.

Of course living on the Bay is the thing for most folks that want to stay for the summer in these parts, and there's a numerous number of

"When you enter Newport Harbor it's wonderfully interesting."

good summer hotels on both sides of the Bay at various points all the way to Newport—a distance of thirty miles,—and hundreds of cottages, some of them real nice and homelike, while others are more like a barn without the hay loft thrown in.

Of course everybody knows that Rhode Island is the home of the original clambake, and the various resorts that were constructed expressly for these clam dinners, are crowded by thousands of people that go down the bay for the day for a good time and for one of these dinners. Transportation is cheap, ten to twenty cents taking you to any or all of them by boat or by electric cars.

If you want to go to Newport or Block Island, take the steamer Mount Hope at the dock of the Providence, Fall River and Newport Steamboat Company at the foot of Hay street, and the first point of interest that you reach after passing through the drawbridge is Field's Point, where the clam dinners are served in the highest style of the art.

The next point of interest is Squantum, where the club house by that name is located. Composed mostly of men whose business has been pretty good or those who have had a fortune left them. I am told it's quite an expensive organization. Here's where the President or any of the big men are feasted if they come to Providence in the summer time. They have the greatest kind of clam dinners here, with all the fixin's, with side dishes of one thing and another, and apollinaris and ice water.

Next comes Silver Spring, which in its palmiest days was a wonderfully interesting spot, and is still important. Great place for summer cottages. Directly opposite Starvegoat Island. I suppose this island was so named because it is not large enough to support a goat. I'm not authority for this, but I guess it's true enough.

The next in order is the Pomham Club, something like the Squantum, but not so rich I am told. Its location is on high land overlooking the Bay, probably one of the best sites on the water front.

Next comes Riverside, a large settlement of summer residences with wharf accommodations.

The next point of interest is Crescent Park, another clam-bake resort, where many days 25,000 people are fed on clams. Beats all what a hold these clams do have on folks, don't it? This is the place where so many societies of various kinds go for their annual trainings, and they train pretty high sometimes, and have a real good time.

From this point you sail along by Gaspee Point, where His Magisty's ship lay at anchor one dark night, and everybody on board had gone to

JAMESTOWN, R. I.

HOTEL THORNDIKE. GARDNER HOUSE. BAY VIEW HOUSE.

sleep but one sentinel, and he must have been about half asleep, or else he would have heard the boats that came down from Providence, filled with ambitious youths, for the purpose of scuttling the ship and capturing her crew. But he didn't hear them, or not until it was too late, for when the Gaspee began to sink, then all hands were called on deck and ordered into small boats to go ashore. When they landed they found a numerous number of Yankees all ready to welcome them, and they were all taken prisoners. 'Twas dreadful humiliating for the English, but not so very much so for the Rhode Island boys.

The next clam baking house is Rocky Point, which has been patronized by the public from all over New England for a great many years, and is one of the most popular resorts in the country. Lots of societies go here every year for their summer celebrations. These people always arrange to git their dinners in the big clam pavilion, while other folks that don't belong to any club, very often take along a lunch and go out under the trees or down on the rocks beside the water and save expenses.

There is good fishing off this point, and in fact this may be said of the entire bay. In the early spring scup come in here and are caught by the thousand, and tautog or blackfish, and flatfish and so on, come and are caught in abundance, and some are very large.

By the time we git to Rocky Point we have passed five lighthouses, that are kept supplied with kerosene oil by the government, and a man to trim the wicks and light up the lamps at sunset every night in the year. Uncle Sam must buy his oil by the barrel to keep so many lights agoing.

All along, up and down the Bay from this point to the city, you will see all kinds of boats going one way and another. Steamboats, little tugs pulling along a line of coal barges, yachts and catboats — called catboats I suppose, because they are such good boats for a squall, with only one sail which can be let down before the wind can capsize them. These small boats, embellished once in a while with an ocean steamer, makes a dredful nice marine picture. Here and there you see boat loads of fishermen trying to run a big seine around a school of menhaden, small fish that they sell for fertilizer purposes or for their oil. It is said that catching so many of these little fish that larger and edible fish feed upon, is a bad practice for the general fishing business of the Bay.

Off to the left of Rocky Point is the town of Bristol, where the Herreshoffs make the fastest yachts in the world, and which have

defended successfully the America's cup for several years past. At the entrance of the harbor is Hog Island, called by the Indians Chissawannock Island. Going along further to the Island of Chibachuweset, or in English, Prudence Island, you sail along toward Newport past Conanicut Island ; but before this you pass by Wickford, near by where the Sachems of the Narragansett Indians are supposed to have had their headquarters. Sachems Canonicus and his nephew Miantonomi lived here, who was the son of Mascus, brother of Canonicus. Miantonomi was practically murdered by Uncas, the sachem of the Mohegans of Connecticut, and his son Canonchet was put to death by the Mohegan sachem, Oneco, a son of Uncas. These were most singular coincidences and a disgrace to the white men of Massachusetts who are said to have influenced the first act if not the second one. When poor Miantonomi was murdered, that noble queen of the Narragansetts, Wawaloam, was left a widow, and not long afterwards her son was killed, the noble Canonchet. Gov. Sprague's country residence at Narragansett Pier was named in honor of him. Some of the poor Indian women of those days must have known the pangs of sorrow just the same as white women do to-day, whose boys have gone to some foreign country to fight with the army and never come back. I sometimes think there isn't any such thing as civilization,—just read about Indian wars and the French revolution if you think there is. The noble Narragansett tribe has nearly all run out, but if everybody had treated them as Roger Williams did, I've no doubt they would have become educated and ornaments of society long before their ranks had been so depleted. It's one of the sad pages of Rhode Island history. Thank goodness the white man can't interfere with them in their happy hunting grounds.

Wickford.

Wickford is one of the most interesting summer resorts of the State, being located directly on the water front which is known as Wickford Bay. It has become famous as the headquarters of the famous Sachems of the Narragansett Indians, and many people visit the place in order to look into the facts pertaining to this once powerful tribe of friendly Indians, whose brotherly love for Roger Williams enabled him to found one of the most successful cities in the Union. Had they been a warlike tribe, he would probably have been murdered as soon as he landed within their territory. There is a first-class summer hotel here, located near the bathing beach.

A mile or two further down the Bay is Barbour's Heights, a new

resort opened this season, with a new up-to-date hotel, which promises to be one of the very interesting resorts of the State.

Wickford is reached from Newport by the Steamer General, of the Newport and Wickford R. R. and Steamboat Co., and from Wickford Junction by the same line, connecting with the trains from Boston and New York on the Consolidated road. Electric cars run from Wickford to Narragansett Pier, passing by Barbour's Heights, Saunderstown and other important points. This west side of Narragansett Bay is destined to be fully as important as the east side.

Wickford Light and Bathing Beach.

Saunderstown.

There is a good hotel at Saunderstown, located within a short distance of the water. At the side of the hotel and in the rear are numerous summer cottages, forming quite a settlement. Being only six miles from Narragansett Pier, and Conanicut Island the only separating barrier between it and Newport, it enjoys a favorable location for attracting the attention of the traveling public as they cross from the island on the ferry boat, to the wharf at Saunderstown, on their way to Narragansett Pier. This point is destined, in my opinion, to be one of the great resorts of Narragansett Bay before many years have passed away.

We sail on down by Gould's Island, the Indian name being Aquopimokuk, which was sold to Mr. Gould by Sachem Koskotop. Cachanaquant, the chief sachem of the Narragansetts from 1650 to 1665, did more selling of islands and tracts of the mainland to the whites, round about Narragansett Bay, than any other sachem of the tribe before or since.

When you look about you, sailing along between these islands of the Bay on a beautiful summer day, you can't help feeling as if you are sailing over enchanted waters, as you remember that Captain John Mason, with about one hundred white men 263 years ago, in the beautiful month of May, sailed over these waters, and below Rocky Point was joined by some two hundred Narragansett warriors under their sagamore, on a mission that should rid New England forever of that warlike and bloodthirsty tribe of Red Men, the Pequots, whose chief sachem, Sassacus, had threatened the extinction of all of the white settlers in this part of the New World. You can't help imagining them as they sailed along in their little pinnaces, and under the shadows of night land upon the shores west of Stonington, where the headquarters of the Pequot nation had been established within a substantial fort. Creeping stealthily up the hillside, they were scaling the walls of the fort when the single sentinel shouted, "The English! The English!" Then the work of slaughter began. It seemed too bad to kill seven hundred men, women and children, the latter innocent beings, but such was the slaughter, and carrying on the fight to other parts of their domain along the Sound, a nation was put out of existence almost in a single day.

And besides this, the thought that on these waters the dusky Red Men had sailed in their canoes and fished, and hunted in the primeval forests of the mainland, viewing the beautiful landscape, maybe for untold ages, is what makes a sail over this body of water so dreadfully interesting, and is the reason why folks like to go the same journey over and over again, for all the world as if there was an enchantment about what they enjoyed all the way to Newport, that they can't git rid of, and wouldn't if they could, as they view upon the right hand the land of the Narragansetts, and upon the left the home of the Wampanoags, whose great sachem, Massasoit, was as friendly to the white men as Canonicus and Miantonomi.

The great windmills that can be seen on the island of Rhode Island, with their lean long arms swinging sixty feet in the air, remind you of the land of Don Quixote, and tell of an advance in civilization beyond

the Indian life, which were set going by the winds from Mt. Hope and Narragansett Bays, and the stronger breezes from old ocean, more than a century ago.

Toleration says that he can't see what's the use of hammering out history all of the time. If things have been done they're done and all creation can't help it, and so what's the sense of talking so much about it. He says, "Why don't you write on something more practical; something that there's some money in, or some chance of profit?" So I says to him, "Toleration, there ain't any more sympathy in your nature than there is in a lobster, 'though you turn about as red in the face as he does when he is biled, when things don't go to suit you. Most likely you went to the district school that I've read about, where the committeeman told the teachers that he didn't want anything teached in that school that wan't practical. 'Of course' he says, 'the boys will want to learn to figger a little, so you can teach them to dew sums in partition, distraction, stultification, long and short provisions, but that's all.' Then he says, 'we won't have fractions in the school, fact on't is they're too puzzlin'. You are always aggittin' the devisor converted the wrong way, and the fumigator and the nomination mixed up on the wrong side the line, and we won't have it teached.'"

Then I told him I guess he'd been stultified ever since. Perhaps I ought not to have said so, but why on earth can't a man talk sense and encourage a woman once in a while as well as to stir her good nature all up by criticising foreverlastingly everything she does or says? There's some responsibility resting with a man as well as there is with a woman, and my opinion is he'll have full as much to answer for as his wife will. There was a time when woman was told to keep silent in some places, but now she speaks right out in meetin' whether St. Paul gives her the right to or not. Oh, I do git so riled up sometimes. Toleration, he's mor'n six feet tall and weighs in proportion. How I have wished at times I had the strength of a Samson! I think I could do some good in this world. I'd raise,—well, no matter, I'm going to write this book to please my own notions, I don't care who talks to the contrary. I suppose if I'd written how many clams he could dig and how many fish he could catch and the price they'd fetch, he'd think I'd said dreadful interesting things, and be almost ready to ask a blessing.

Newport.

Having passed Gould's Island we are about ready to enter Newport Harbor, the most stylish watering place in the world, as the term is

generally accepted. You sail by the war college, sometimes among warships, sometimes not, into the inner harbor, by Goat Island where the torpedo station is, which the Indians called Nantusinunk Island, and as you move along and witness the great variety of sailing craft, from a tug to the smallest and largest steam and sailing yachts, the finest that ever sailed the ocean, you are charmed by the view the harbor presents; but when you turn your face shorewards where the docks are, O, my goodness! you are disappointed, for the town on the water's edge looks as common and plain as a bean supper. But don't go back on the same boat because you are shocked at people's taste if they call this one of the "charmed spots of the earth." Newport is like a book that you can't tell the contents of by the title page. You don't see Newport at all as you enter the harbor,—that is, not as Newport is generally known abroad.

Across the harbor on Lime Rock is an interesting lighthouse, where Ida Lewis, the bravest of American girls, lives and tends the light, and where she has saved so many lives from drowning. Opposite the outer harbor is Fort Adams, which don't amount to much only for drill purposes and making a good show with its granite front, but the dirt forts just beyond are something formidable, as well as the new fort opposite on Conanicut Island, just at the entrance of the harbor. This latter fort is on the site of old Fort Dumplings, and it seems too bad to have removed that time-honored old round fort that was one of the most picturesque sights about here. But that's just the way old things and old folks have to be set aside for new-fangled notions. But the new disappearing guns mounted there they say will be something dreadful in war times. Why I'm told they'll shake the whole island every time they're fired off. But I believe as much of that as most folks do I suppose.

To see Newport, if your time is limited, take a carriage at the steamboat landing and pay two or three dollars to see the town; or an electric car and pay five cents and ride over to Easton's Beach and go in swimming in the salt water along with the common folks and millionaires, although the latter class I understand have a private beach of their own, so that if the common people have any objection to washing in the same pool with them, it is all overcome by this arrangement. I'm a little particular myself on this question of bathing, but not quite so bad as the old lady who objected to go in bathing because she didn't like the idea of washing in the same water that everybody else had washed in.

After you have washed, pay fifty cents more and git into one of the

long carriages with the seats running crosswise, and take the ten mile ocean drive. The driver will take you all around, in and out among the residences of the rich, explaining who they belong to and how much money they cost, etc. ; some cost millions. By this ride you can see Newport in all of its glorious fuss and feathers.

These great cottages or villas are owned mostly by folks whose great wealth has been inherited, and so most of them have been brought up with a silver spoon in their mouth, never knowing what real stimulus and pleasure there is in life in accumulating a fortune on their own account. They're very nice folks and do a lot for charity I'm told.

The Casino, Narragansett Pier.

Money is one of the greatest blessings on earth if the possessor is not too much of the pronoun, I. The greatest danger with money is where riches come in a day. I have known families of ordinary means, with kindly natures, to accumulate a fortune in a year. It proved their greatest curse because it stagnated their growth which had begun in the right direction. It made them look upon the material in life as superior to the spiritual, and that is always a sad thing. A good deal of money makes some men and women so proud and airy, and feel so far above the common world that they'd never come down again if it wasn't for the law of gravitation.

After you've got back to the boat you'll find yourself talking up the splendid grandeur and beauties of the place unless you are very exclusive and particular in your notions. You must see the old mill about which there is so much mist as to who built it, and many more points of interest. There's more mystery connected with this old stone mill than its wuth.

Newport is reached from New York by way of the Newport and Wickford R. R. and Steamboat Co., connecting at Wickford Junction with the main line of the Consolidated Road. From Providence by the steamers of the Providence, Fall River and Newport Steamboat Co., and from Boston by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. From Narragansett Pier by the steamer Mount Hope, and by the ferries that cross to Jamestown and Saunderstown, connecting with the electric cars for the Pier.

Jamestown.

Directly opposite Newport, across the harbor, connected by ferries, is Jamestown, at the southern extremity of Conanicut Island. Here are a number of good hotels, more in fact than there are in Newport, and numerous grand cottages. The outlook is over the bay and the harbor, and it is one of the most restful prospects that can be imagined.

When Uncle Sam's squadrons visit Newport, they more properly speaking visit Jamestown; for the great war vessels always lie anchored in the outer harbor, which is almost directly in front of the hotels along the water front of Jamestown, thereby enabling the guests of those houses to enjoy an unusual privilege, for this marine picture is spread before their view for many days at a time. The ever changing scene of smaller craft in these waters, lends to this locality an enchantment almost beyond description. A ferryboat runs hourly from Newport to Jamestown.

When the boat sails out of Newpoat harbor you pass by one of the most dangerous reefs on the coast of New England, out at the front of which is Brenton's Reef Light Ship, which keeps boats away from the rocks.

Narragansett Pier.

A half-hour's sail brings you to the wharf at Narragansett Pier, one of the most exclusive resorts in this country, with a bathing beach that is wonderfully safe and extending along the coast a long distance. There is a great sea wall here extending along the water front from the life saving station as far as the little harbor apposite Greene's Inn, along which the ocean drive extends. From this drive the most charming view

of the ocean is obtained, as well as from the broad piazzas of the hotels.

Benjamin Hadwin established the first boarding house at the Pier near the site of Hotel Gladstone, and it was known as the Hadwin House. Mr. Hadwin probably had no idea that from his boarding house with accommodations for about a dozen guests, most of whom came from Philadelphia, there would be developed hotel accommodations for many thousands of the best folks of the country within a few years.

From this small beginning came the Taylors, the Brownings, the Tuckers, the Mathewsons, the Rodmans, the Caswells, the Armstrongs, the Briggses, the Greenes, the Nyes, the Burnses, the Woods, the Kenyons, the Babcocks, the Reeds, and so on, all people of the best society that have developed some of the best hotels that can be found at any of the summer resorts anywhere.

When there is a storm at sea this is a grand place to view the fury of old ocean.

Greatest place for style to be found anywhere, particularly at the gatherings that take place at the Casino, a dreadful popular resort.

Most everybody here drives fine horses, and their rigs are the best that can be bought. They cut a fine figure wherever they go, and look real nice.

The cottages here are about as fine as they are in Newport, and just about as many. The hotels open here for the season from the 1st to the 25th of June, when the guests from all over the world begin to come.

There is another class that come earlier to all summer resorts, which is a good thing for the all the year round houses, and they are the drummers and advertising agents. The latter represent most of the daily papers and periodicals, and they all seem to think that there is as much money in the business as there was in Col. Sellers' "Oriental Optic Liniment and Salvation for Sore Eyes!" And that's a fact, for the Colonel never sold a bottle to my knowledge because it lacked "one ingredient." But these agents have to stay over at the hotels, and therefore this helps to start the season in a small way.

They have wonderfully good church societies at the Pier, the same as they do at most other resorts, with preachers as smart as they have in the cities. The Episcopalian church is the largest, and then comes the Baptist, Presbyterian and Catholic. When you are feeling real smart you can't go too often to enjoy divine worship at these churches, and you need'nt feel afraid of helping them too much either. It's a great source of comfort to them to have the hotel folks come every Sunday. I can't say too much for the churches. What would America be to-day without

them? The Lord only knows, for we're bad enough now. But lots of churches make great mistakes. Time was when church members were weighed by what they did in their daily walks, and not so much by what they professed or talked in meeting. The churches used to set good examples, but were never so severe as some of them are to-day. Many churches are made up mostly of fanatics, well-meaning, but awful disagreeable folks.

Whenever a newcomer gits into that kind of a church to enjoy the service, some of the members have to tell him that he's on the road to destruction, and unless he changes his life and lives like them, he'll go

Indian Rock, Narragansett Pier.

down to perdition jest as sure as can be. And they keep at it until he gits tired and disgusted, and then it wouldn't be anything strange if he should turn on his accusers and tell them that if he's going to hell, which he won't agree to, he don't propose to be tormented before he gits there by a lot of folks that appear to be very willing to act as Satan's advance agents, although they do it unwittingly.

Those kind of folks take all the wheat out of a good sermon, and do more harm than they do good. Never tell anybody how bad they are, but show them the beautiful things of this life and the life to come, and they'll see their weaknesses without suffering the humiliation that comes

along with your telling them of it. Be as serious as a March wind, but as gentle as an April shower.

I was brought up a Methodist and belong now to a Methodist church in Providence, the land of Roger Williams, the apostle of religious liberty. Methodists are not so much of the howling kind as they used to be, for we've discovered that the power of a locomotive isn't so much in the whistle as in the stomach of the thing. It's well enough to toot when there's danger ahead, but there's no sense in making a noise all the time. We have a dreadful good Sunday School class, and our teather is so generous in his ideas that he can see good in every ism, and every

Country Club, Narragansett Pier.

thing under the sun. I do believe he'd see something good in a polecat. He lets us talk back and tell him we don't agree with all his notions, but in most things we do agree pretty well. He don't believe in creeds; nuther do I. It's a high board fence that nobody can git over without a ladder, and generally before you can git it in place most of the rounds are rotted off. If all the old creed fences would rot down, then mankind would be blessed. But they keep repairing those old fences, and they've got them patched up so ridiculously now, there ain't much of the original structure left in sight; and when they are all out of sight we can afford to say "Amen."

The Original Harbor, Block Island.

There are numerous points of interest here, both on the water front and inland, for visitors to see; and fishing parties are very popular, for these waters team with fish. Yachting is one of the leading pastimes here and at Newport.

Some of the most noted folks in the world stop at this resort. It was a great favorite with Edwin Booth during the closing years of his life. Many noted divines are seen here yearly, and some of the titled families of Europe consider this one of the great watering places of the world.

There are ever so many ways of getting to this watering place. You can come direct from New York by rail over the Pier Railroad, or from Newport or Providence by steamers, or from New York by the Fall River line to Newport, and then to the Pier by boat.

Block Island.

Take the steamer Mount Hope again, and sail along down in front of the grand array of hotels, by Wennanatoke Point as the Indians called it, but now commonly known at Point Judith, one of the most dangerous places for sailing craft along the coast. You are now on your way to Manisses, the "Island of Little God," as the Indians were wont to call it, but now known as plain Block Island, which is recognized as one of the coolest spots to be found in summer along the Atlantic coast, from Hudson's Bay to the Chesapeake.

Then the boat points its nose directly towards the island, which is now some ten or twelve miles away, the outline of which you can just discern. This stretch of water is where great yacht races are held, because the wind is most generally good at all times. You can often see dolphins sporting in the water here, for all the world as if they were playing tag together. Some of the passengers git sick going over, particularly if they stay down in the cabin where it is close. When they git real sea-sick they always puke up their breakfast, and if their supper hasn't digested that generally comes along too. It's a dreadful feeling; I can't understand it; but the motion of going over those beautiful billows seems to take all of the poetry out of your nature along with everything else. You lay down on a seat, or on the floor,—anywhere, as long as you can lay down, but still you grow sicker and sicker, and begin to develop a sort of admiration for the capacity of your stomach, you've thrown up so much. I've been over on the mail steamer, the *Danielson*, a small but dreadful good sea boat, when I've wished I could have one of them genuine Christian Scientists along, who think most all things are imagin-

ation. Well, after they had been down on all fours for half an hour jest a-showing the others how to vomit, and do it easy, I'd like to see the one that would call it imagination and try to laugh it away. It would be the sickliest smile you can imagine. You can't trifle with old ocean. She has her way, and does it so easy you hardly notice it until that faint feeling begins to creep over your nervous system. But still the sail over is one of the most beautiful you can imagine; and as a rule the sea is smooth, and thus there is no danger of seasickness.

New Harbor Steamboat Landing, Block Island.

When you git to the island you'll find a hundred persons waiting to make you comfortable at their houses, and if you havn't made previous arrangements you can take your pick.

The island is about four miles wide, and nine miles long, and seems as you enter the harbor, to be somewhat barren. That isn't so. There are not many trees but the land is fertile, and the farmers are prosperous accordingly, keeping lots of cows, sheep and so on. When Toleration took us all out to ride over the island, nothing to do but he must stop at one of the farm houses the first thing, and inquire about the cattle. The farmer he came as far as the gate, and among other things

Toleration says, "I see you have a good many cattle for so small an island. How do you ever find water enough for them to drink?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we have plenty of fresh water. Why, there are over two hundred little fresh water ponds and lakes on the island, nearly all of which are filled with water lilies." "Well," says Toleration, "that's lucky, for if nature hadn't made such a provision, you'd be like the man on shipboard when they had run out of drinking water: 'Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.' If it wasn't for these ponds I guess you'd be better off in New York City, so far as your cattle are concerned, wouldn't you?" "Wal," said the farmer, "I can't exactly see how that could be." Then Toleration wore a kind of satisfied, wise expression, and said, "Of course you've heard about Wall street being the greatest place in the world for watering stock?" Then they both laughed like school boys, and the farmer asked Toleration to come in and have some cider, after they'd both agreed that where there is so much stock there must be slaughter houses, for they'd both heard of the lambs that are driven to slaughter every year on Wall street. Then they both laughed agin, but Toleration didn't drink any cider. I suppose it was because his family was along, and he wanted to set a good example. Although he's a temperate man, I've a notion he's dreadful fond of good cider, so if we hadn't been along, things might have been different, for I noticed he said, "I guess I won't take any to-day," which, being interpreted, probably meant that he would be mighty glad to, some other day, when he was alone!

I do like truthfulness. The old saying, you know, is "The truth will bear its own weight anywhere." But the fact is, the truth not only has to bear its own weight, but generally the weight of a lie at the same time. And it never breaks down under it, nuther. There ain't but one thing that's worse than a lie, and that is an insinuation. You can generally nail a lie and a liar, but an insinuation gits all over a neighborhood before you realize it, and nobody knows from whence it came, and so it goes on doing somebody harm, because the public don't know but that there may be a shade of truth in the story, and so you see it's a greater boon companion of the devil than even a lie ever thought of being.

There are two good harbors here. The old one being protected by a Government breakwater, and the new one is almost entirely land-locked, making it a haven of safety for the numerous cruising vessels that sail along our coast.

There are a great many good hotels here, their prices ranging from $1.25 to $3.50 per day, if you stay a week or longer.

Fishing is the principal industry. The inner harbor of the old harbor is nearly filled with fishing boats, and parties are taken out daily to fish for sword fish, blue fish, cod and mackerel. Some of the sword fish will weigh over 500 pounds, and it's a wonderful sight to see them caught.

We went out blue fishing last summer, and as there had been a storm the day before, the waves and billows were running high, and it was quite foggy, so that we had to blow a fish horn to keep clear of

"Clay Head Bluffs, on the edge of the ocean at Block Island, are grand to look at."

other boats, and we could hear the fog horn on the island a-blowing its note of warning, which made me think of home and friends before I got up in the early morning at the hotel, but now it sounded as welcome as if a friend of ours was calling from shore for us all to come over and have a lunch. I was a-setting in the stern of the boat a-holding on to the line, when all of a sudden Toleration said, jest as polite as could be, "Please hold my line a moment, and excuse me while I vomit." Well, I felt like laughing, but he looked up with such an expression of humil-

ity on his face I kind of pitied him, but thought all the time 'twould do him good. I caught the first fish, and 'twant long afterwards that I had to vomit over the side of the boat, I got so sick, and then went and laid down in the cabin. Toleration seemed to brighten up dreadfully to see me suffer so from nausea at the stomach, although he didn't say much. I suppose 'twas the same old story, "Misery likes company." When we finally sailed into the harbor, we had the best lot of blue fish that had been caught that day. The captain of the boat said that we could have one fish apiece, but that the rest belonged to the boat. After paying a dollar apiece, you feel as though you ought to have all you want, but those are the rules and regulations, which you can override if you make other arrangements when you go out.

Watch Hill.

From Block Island you can sail over to Watch Hill on the steamer Block Island, that plies regularly between the Island, Watch Hill and New London. You can also reach this place from Westerly by electric cars, or from Stonington by a small steamer that connects with the New York and Boston trains.

Watch Hill is a high point of land extending out nearly into the mouth of Long Island Sound, and is so situated that it gits the refreshing breezes from old ocean, and is therefore a very comfortable as well as charming place in summer.

Here is where the Niantic Indians lived, whose sachem was Ninigret, one of the famous warriors of his time. This point is at the extreme southwestern part of the State of Rhode Island (just barely saving itself from getting into Connecticut), near Westerly, where the famous Westerly granite is quarried, said to be the best in the world.

There are a number of first-rate hotels here, and they are well patronized throughout the season. Of late years it has become a great centre for elegant cottages or villas, many new ones being built this year.

East Greenwich.

On the western shore of Greenwich Bay, thirteen miles from Providence by the trains on the main line of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., is the village of East Greenwich. It is built on the side of a hill, overlooking a good harbor, and is one of the most attractive places in the State.

The East Greenwich Academy, a flourishing educational institution, belonging to the Methodist Church, is here located. The buildings are

on the hill overlooking the main part of the place, and consist of the Academy and five cottages. This year a new dormitory is to be erected. The grounds are extensive and beautiful.

Seaconnet Point.

Other extremely interesting summer resorts are Tiverton and Seaconnet Point. Seaconnet is a rugged point of rocks that project out into the ocean, at a point about northeast from the bathing beach at Newport. Off shore from this point there are said to be the best fishing grounds in all this seashore region.

Bristol Harbor.—Seaconnet steamer at the dock.

The Indian Queen, "Awashonks," resided a mile or two northeast from the Point, who won a favorable reputation among the white people of her time. One of the steamers that ply between Seaconnet Point and Providence the year round, (one boat running winters and two during the summer), was named in honor of this Indian Queen, and Capt. Pettey, the General Manager of the Seaconnet Steamboat Company, is generally the captain of steamer Awashonks.

This point is very desirable for summer cottages, and a few hotels accommodate the general public. Here the famous Rhode Island clambake is served where the boats make a landing.

Plymouth.

Everybody wants to see Plymouth, the place where the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and almost everybody that undertakes to travel any, makes it a point to visit the place once at least, and because they find the place so full of historical interest and so pleasing a place to stay in, many remain the whole season through, for there are several good hotels that afford all the comforts that the public may require.

Not only do strangers want to visit Plymouth Rock, but they are as anxious to visit the monument that was erected here in honor of the Pilgrims—Pilgrim Hall—where relics of the Mayflower, paintings, etc., are deposited. They also enjoy visiting many of the old houses of note, and other points of historical interest.

The harbor of Plymouth, where the Mayflower lay at anchor, affords much pleasure to the hotel guests here who enjoy yachting, because there is a kind of fascination to sail upon the waters of the same harbor where many of our honored ancestors sailed in their little boats almost three centuries ago. Then, the town itself is one of the most beautiful to be found in the State of Massachusetts, with its electric car system that affords good accommodations for the public that desire to go to the beach and other points of interest along the water front.

As Carlyle has truly said: "Look now at American Saxondom; and at that little fact of the sailing of the Mayflower 200 years ago from Delft Haven in Holland. Were we of open sense as the Greeks were, we had found a poem here; one of Nature's own poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents. For it was properly the beginning of America; there were straggling settlers in America before, some material, as of a body, was there; but the soul of it was first this. These poor men, driven out of there own country, not well able to live in Holland, determined on settling in the New World. Black, untamed forests are there, and wild, savage creatures; but not so cruel as the Star Chamber hangman. They thought the earth would yield them food if they tilled honestly; the everlasting Heaven would stretch there, too, overhead; they should be left in peace to prepare for eternity by living well in this world of time; worshiping in what they thought the true—not the idolatrous way. They clubbed their small means together, hired a ship, the little ship Mayflower, and made ready to sail."

Martha's Vineyard.

The summer resorts of this beautiful island are Cottage City, Vineyard Haven and Edgartown, all of which are reached daily by the steam-

ers of the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Steamboat Co., from New Bedford and Wood's Hole.

Cottage City is a great settlement of cottages and summer hotels, which have attracted thousands of people yearly ever since it was opened as a summer resort. It has become famous on account of its camp meetings, and its delightful atmosphere and general good management have won for the place a reputation that few resorts on the New England coast have enjoyed. There is a large number of hotels, all good ones, some of them accommodating 200 people.

Plymouth Rock and Harbor.

Edgartown, a few miles farther south of Cottage City, is a quaint and interesting town, somewhat resembling Nantucket. There are three good hotels and numerous cottages. The noted actor, Mr. Sol Smith Russell, makes this his summer home. His cottage is located on a high embankment overlooking the harbor, one of the most beautiful sites that I've ever seen. They used to send out whalers from this port, and that at one time was its principal industry.

If the people knew more about this island town they would be so fascinated with its charms, it would require a dozen large hotels to provide accommodations for all that would want to stay here for a few weeks every summer.

I think Edgartown is one of the most quiet, restful and interesting seaside resorts that I have ever visited. There is so much of historical interest here, and the quaintness of the place appeals to one as providing a spot upon earth that still wears a tinge of ye olden time, unmixed with modern notions, except as regards cleanliness and orderly highways.

And I guess there's a numerous number of reasons for the interest that is centered here! Why, the place was incorporated as a town two hundred and twenty-nine years ago, and that alone tells the story of its quaintness. Thomas Mayhew came here in 1647 to educate and convert the Indians, and he met with success. The house that he lived in is still standing. The grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, Peter Folger, was one of the early settlers, an amazing good school teacher for those times.

The natives here will point out the places where the Indians lived in their wigwams, whose chief sachem was Mattakesett. And the Indian burying ground is near by. An occasional descendant of these aborigines may be seen here and there around Martha's Vineyard.

The streets of the town are interestingly crooked, those on the water front winding in and out to suit the tortuous harbor line. Great shade trees lend a beauty and a kind of comfort that are seldom enjoyed so near the edge of the sea.

The natives are owners of numerous fishing boats that enable them to live most of the time on top of the ocean, fishing or sailing about for pleasure, with a party of city folks on board for company. I saw a boat load of twenty-five hundred mackerel that were caught the day I arrived this year, which was the sixth day of June. They looked dreadfully large and handsome. The landlord was thoughtful enough to broil some for breakfast for our party from this same boat load, and they were wonderfully sweet.

"Edgartown has a deep, land-locked harbor of great area, safe for sailing in all weathers. This harbor, called by mariners the best and safest between Newport and Boston, is visited by hundreds of coasting vessels in the course of the year, and during the summer months is a favorite rendezvous for steam and sailing yachts."

"Some of the old whalemen still survive; and there is an interesting old museum, filled with the relics of fishery and its implements, besides portraits of ninety-eight of the sturdy captains of whalers,—reminders of the days when Edgartown ships, manned by Edgartown men, sailed every ocean of the globe. Much wealth was accumulated, as wealth is rated here; and to-day the neat and tidy appearance of the

place, comfortable residences, surrounded by old-fashioned gardens, good walks, and well kept streets, bespeak the successful pursuit of the leviathan of the deep. The people have not lost their individuality by

Bathing Beach and Inner Harbor, Plymouth.

the coming of the summer visitor, and the latter are not yet in sufficient numbers to crowd the evidence of native life."

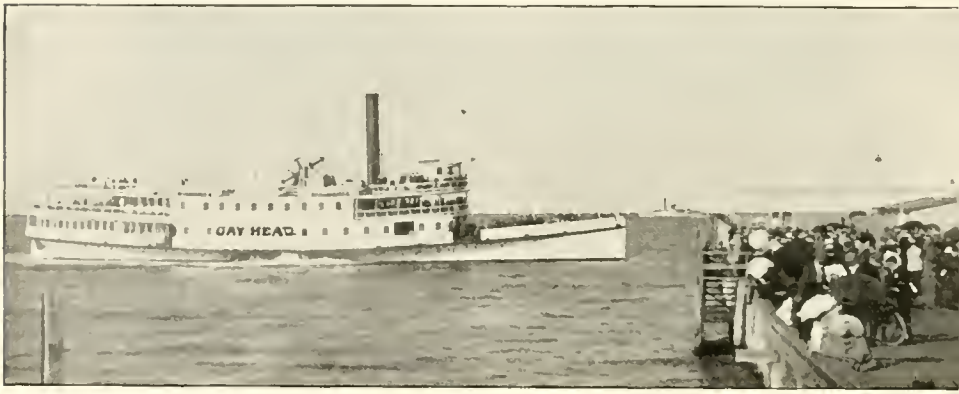
Edgartown has a population of about twelve hundred, a national

Manomet Point and Ocean View, Plymouth.

bank, United States custom-house, fine brick, county court-house, jail buildings with keeper's residence, four churches, good schools, a newspaper, and numerous stores.

Starbuck Neck is a high point of land which affords the best and widest view of Edgartown harbor. It is on this point, nearly opposite Harbor Light, that an elegant modern hotel has been erected for the accommodation of the public that enjoy a resort more select and exclusive than any to be found in this region.

There is nothing to mar the quiet of this place except the music of the native song birds, and in the early hours of the morning, chanticleer's boasting call, the ripple of the waves on the beach, or the rattle of tackle as the fishermen in the harbor run up their sails preparatory to a day's fishing. But they are all restful sounds, for they seem to lull you into a sleep more sweet and restful than you have enjoyed before. It's



Steamboat Landing, Cottage City.

my opinion there is no place where wasted nervous energy can be restored so quickly and by such natural means as in Edgartown.

Vineyard Haven is the first place that the boat stops at. Here is a good harbor when the wind steers clear of the northeast, but when it is in that quarter, you might as well be anchored in mid-ocean, so far as the safety of your boat is concerned, provided the wind is a high one. There are good accommodations here for summer boarders, and every year it is becoming more and more a resort for the summer traveler.

Nantucket.

If you want to git away from the noise of the outside world, so that you can feel that you are comparatively alone, you should go to Nantucket, and stop at the town bearing the same name, or go over to the

south side of the island and stop at what they call Siasconset, which the island folks call "'Sconset." There are a great many good hotels here, and they have a reputation for making everybody feel at home. The town looks quaint to a stranger, and this is what he likes more than anything else. The air here is very bracing, and the scenery along the ocean and over the island is very charming. Lots of our smartest men were born in Nantucket, but they had to come over to the mainland to let folks know what kind of material they were made of.

The island is reached by the steamers of the same line that stop at Cottage City, one steamer going direct to Nantucket, while another goes to the ports of Vineyard Haven, Cottage City and Edgartown.

Nantucket was formerly one of the great whaling ports of the New England coast, and to git one of the old sailors, that used to go whaling years ago, to spin some of his yarns about catching whales, is a most interesting pastime.

Watch Hill Cottages and Golf Links.

As a resort for beautiful summer villas, Watch Hill is certainly forging ahead of many of the old-time seaside resorts along the Atlantic coast. Nearly every hillock is graced by a modern cottage, attractive in design, modern in appointments, and some of them large enough for a hotel. Many new ones have been built this season, and contracts have been awarded for fifteen more for next season. These cottages help the half dozen first-class hotels here, because many of the friends of the cottagers are desirous of visiting the place, and many will stop for a season at the different public houses.

"The country a little distance back from Point Judith and the shore at Watch Hill seems to have been made especially for golf. In its natural features, the variety and beauty of its rugged, boulder-topped hillocks, it is exactly suited for the delightful old Scotch game, and there are few, if any, golf clubs which have more attractive, or more nearly perfect grounds than those of the Misquamicut Club. Certainly none have a more exquisitely beautiful and interesting course."

The Misquamicut Golf Club was organized in June, 1895, and incorporated February 5, 1896. Some $20,000 have been expended during the last few months on the links and the new club building, which is one of the finest ever built in this country. The entire course of twenty-seven holes now measures about three miles.

Oakland Beach and Buttonwoods.

Here are two resorts of considerable importance, both of which have a good hotel well equipped for summer travellers. The location is

OCEAN HOUSE

ATLANTIC HOUSE.

LARKIN HOUSE

on Greenwich Bay, and for a great many years they were patronized by the general public because they were public resorts similar to Rocky Point and other places of that kind. Of late years they have become more exclusive, and summer boarders find here beautiful places in which to spend the summer, quiet, restful and invigorating.

These places are reached by electric cars from Providence, and small steamers can land at the wharf.

Marion, Sippican Harbor.

One of the very attractive places on Buzzard's Bay is Sippican Harbor, where the town of Marion is situated. The town is beautifully laid out on the harbor front, and the headlands of the harbor and general surroundings are very attractive. The harbor is sufficiently deep for the largest yachts to visit, and is perfectly safe.

There are two good summer hotels here, that enjoy a patronage of the very best kind. The place is reached by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Teams from the hotels meet the trains during the summer.

Cape Cod.

There are a numerous number of good resorts in various parts of the Cape, and hundreds of people go there every year for their summer vacation. Among the most interesting are Falmouth Heights, Onset, Hyannis, Provincetown and Monument Beach.

Other New England Resorts.

Of course besides the resorts that I have already described, there are a great many more that I haven't the time to give full details about. There is Nantasket Beach, off Boston, that is a dreadfully interesting place, and thousands of people from all over the country go down there to breathe salt air and eat fish dinners, along with their Boston cousins.

Boston folks are not so stuck up over their enlightenment as some people give them credit for. They are simple in their habits, pork and beans being their staple food, and in their general make up they are very much like other folks. I've heard it said that a Boston man never notices anything of an ordinary nature; it must be something extraordinary to attract his attention. But t'other day I saw a merchant rush out of the front door of his store on Tremont street to see a band of music pass by jest as interested as a school boy. I guess human nature is about the same the world over, no matter whether it's in Boston or down on the farm. I never knew anybody to git so much education as to forgit their childhood days, and that kind of a memory will keep anybody sensible all through their life.

All along the coast above Boston there are a numerous number of summer seaside resorts, and down in Maine is York Beach, Old Orchard and a lot more that are well provided with hundreds of good hotels.

A SCENE ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

Used by permission of the Nicholas Ball Hotel Co., Block Island.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The principal features of interest in this Switzerland of America are, first, the White Mountains, strictly speaking, the Presidential and Franconia ranges, together with the numerous canyons, cataracts and cascades, and the four valleys that lie at their base: the Androscoggin, the Saco, the Pemigewasset and the Connecticut valleys, all fertile and beautiful. There are other groups and ranges of mountains that, to some, are equally interesting. The next in importance are the lakes, Winnipesaukee, of course, being the largest, and all having their peculiar charms for visitors to this region. The seashore resorts come next.

There are several trains daily from Boston over the Boston and Maine Railroad that take you into the heart of the mountains, passing on either side of Lake Winnipesaukee, giving you a choice of routes.

The five hours that are required to reach your destination is what makes you think the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains of the far West are not to be compared with our New England hills, because the great distance destroys in a large measure their grandeur and beautiful surroundings.

After leaving Boston, about the first place that attracts your attention is Wolfboro, where you see the Ossipee and Belknap Mountains, if you travel on the eastern route, and from there on you are kept bobbing from one side of the car to the other in order to see the numerous number of mountains that appear to your vision as you ride along.

One of the most striking mountains that you next see upon your left is Chocorua, whose rocky pinnacle stands out sharp against the horizon with as set and rigid an expression as the Indian chief's, in whose honor it is named; further along, Mt. Kearsarge looms up so stately and large you imagine this must be about the highest point hereabout, but very soon Mt. Washington and other points of the Presidential Range appear to your view, and the climax of your expectations is met, although they are many miles away.

North Conway.

The first stopping place of importance is North Conway, which is a beautiful village with numerous hotels, situated about thirty feet above the Saco river, which winds along through broad meadows. This level plain upon which the hotels are built is surrounded by mountains and therefore affords a view that ordinary mortals find hard work to do full justice to in English or any other language. To the left, Moat Mountain stands as a sentinel, to the east is Rattlesnake Ridge; to the right Mt. Kearsarge, and beyond, Mt. Washington and other points of interest. This is one of the very popular resorts of New Hampshire and where the coaching parades used to take place.

Captain Joshua Heath was probably the earliest inn-keeper in the town of Conway, dating back as far as 1790. Austin George was licensed to keep a public house in 1792. Lieut. Stephen Webster was "approbated" to keep a tavern in 1793. Capt. Elisha Densmore was licensed to keep a public house in 1795, and Capt. John Chase was "approbated" to keep a house of entertainment the same year. Andrew McMillan, Esq., was also "approbated" to keep a house of public entertainment in 1795, and he erected the McMillan House, which was destroyed by fire early in the fall of last year (1899), it having served the public for 104 years. In 1800 Henry Sherburn, Jr., had the approbation of the selectmen to keep public house.

These inns served the general public, mostly those traveling to and from Portland and Vermont and northern New Hampshire, summer boarders not being thought of until about 1825.

Mr. Samuel W. Thompson opened the Kearsarge, the first hotel in North Conway for the accommodation of summer tourists, which was along about 1830. In 1840 he established the stage line running through the Notch from North Conway to the Fabyan, as well as a line to the Glen, which he continued until the Portland and Ogdensburgh Railroad was opened. These stage lines aided very materially in bringing to North Conway the great number of summer travelers that have made the place so famous. In another way Mr. Thompson helped to make the town popular which was by inducing some fifteen artists to stop at his hotel at a moderate cost, under the agreement that they should sketch scenes in and around North Conway and exhibit their products, thereby attracting the attention of the outside world

to this wonderful mountain region—hence the development of summer resorts at various points in this locality. This was a most original and successful plan for advertising the town, and which made it the pioneer summer resort among the New Hampshire mountains. Mrs. L. J. Ricker, daughter of Mr. Thompson, is now carrying on the hotel business in the homestead of S. W. Thompson, nearly opposite the original Kearsarge House. If Mr. Thompson always set as good a table as his daughter does, he must have been an amazing good landlord.

Mt. Washington, near North Conway and Jackson.

Mr. J. L. Randall and Daniel Eastman were among the early hotel keepers. Mr. Randall opened the Randall House about 1864, the same that is now run by his son, and he was one of the owners of the stage lines around Lake Winnipesaukee many years earlier.

That Race Horse.

Last year we hired a team for a drive round about North Conway. The horse was a bay one and looked as docile as a kitten.

We went over to Kearsarge Village and was a-praising the horse all the way over because he was so regular and such a good roader. He jest kept an even gait, never changing it, and wasn't afraid of anything. Toleration he was a drivin' and he seemed to set a good deal by him, for he said, "Mother, what a mate he'd make for our Bill," which was one of our horses, "he's so even gaited and jest like him for steadiness." Then he said, "Guess I'll have to make the man an offer." He was a dreadful handsome horse and if we could buy him I thought it would be a good thing.

We rode along back from Kearsarge Village and struck in onto the main street in North Conway some distance south of the Kearsarge House, and was riding along easy like, enjoying the beauties of the street with its attractive hotels and cottages, and the views of the surrounding mountains. There were lots of hotel guests on the street, coming and going, and there was nothing but life and animation everywhere. What a beautiful and tranquil afternoon it was in August. When we got pretty nearly opposite the Kearsarge House our horse began to quicken his pace and when he got even with the post-office, in spite of all that Toleration could do, he was going at a break-neck pace. He went and went and kept agoing, faster and faster, and I shouted to father, "What's got into the beast?" He mumbled something about "the devil, he guessed!" and kept agoing. I thought a bee or a hornet must have stung him, for I never rid so fast in all my life. My shawl stood out behind as straight as Toleration's coat tails did, and Hattie and Madalene were hanging on to their father and me as if they were frightened nigh about to death. Toleration had given up stopping the critter and jest sot down to hollering to everybody to "keep out of the way." They gave us the road, and if we didn't go a half a mile in a minute then a horse never did before.

When we got to the railroad crossing the most astonishing part of the whole affair was he settled down into his old gait and was as docile as ever. Toleration got out and looked the harness all over and examined the horse's legs, but he couldn't see but what everything was all right and said, "Wal, if that don't beat the Old Harry then I never saw anything that did." I told him he'd better take him back and git another, for he might have another fit and break our necks, but he "guessed he wouldn't," and we drove over to Echo Lake and out into the country, and

you never saw a horse go better all the way. We came into town agin to the south, and when we got to the post-office away he went into another one of them fits and trotted faster'n ever, and stopped agin when he got to the railroad. Then I got out and made the girls git out, too. "Now," says I, "you can drive that horse to the barn and we'll walk! I ain't agoin' to risk our lives with him any longer!"

Just then a gentleman came along and told us that this straight line of road from the post-office was used as a race track

"He went down the Main street of North Conway like all possess!"

during the winter and spring months, and this horse had raced with other horses so much over the same ground it had become second nature for him to "go fast" when he struck this stretch of road.

That explained it. Sure enough he did "go fast," and no mistake. I shall never forgit it as long as I live. Toleration was wonderfully well pleased about it when he found out the reason for such a fuss, and he made us all git into the wagon agin. He was bound to try his speed over the same course once more for

enjoyment, which he did, notwithstanding we all remonstrated with him for making such a show in public. We all were satisfied that the horse was a good and kind one, but the boys a-running him on the race track were to blame for the whole uproar.

Intervale.

About a mile further along is Intervale, where a dozen or more good hotels make the traveling public comfortable. From this point, as you look toward Mt. Washington about northwest, your eyes take in a view across the broad intervale (extending apparently several miles), that they are not commonly accustomed to see. This intervale is what gives the name to the place, and no better could be chosen. It is dotted here and there with clumps of trees so artistically arranged by the hand of nature as to make a picture, embellished with herds of grazing cattle, that makes you feel, perhaps for the first time in your life, that there is something akin to poetry in your nature. Near by are great pine groves, among which you can take delightful walks or drives, and the air here is laden with the sweet, health-giving perfume that these great pine trees give to the gentle breezes that blow through them and then into the windows of your hotel.

Intervale is situated on the Maine Central Railroad, and is the last station of the Boston and Maine. Echo Lake and White Horse Ledge are points of interest here, along with a numerous number of other kinds near by, including the golf links.

Kearsarge Village.

There are two of the best kind of hotels here, and these enjoy an extensive patronage. The place is situated nearly at the base of Kearsarge Mountain, hence its name. Its location being about a mile from Intervale and the same distance from North Conway, gives it relatively the same location as these two resorts.

Jackson.

To git to this place you must take carriages from North Conway or Intervale, or take the train and go to Glen Station, the latter of which is the common way, where carriages from all of the hotels of Jackson meet the trains. Why this place is called Jackson is more than I know, unless it was named in honor of Old Hickory. But no matter, it's a beautiful place, hemmed in by mountains, and the ride in mountain wagons or Concord coaches from the

station, much of the way along the banks of the Glen Ellis River, a distance of three miles, is truly enchanting, there is such a variety of scenery to be enjoyed all the way.

The first hotels for summer tourists were opened in Jackson about 1860, by Mr. James M. Meserve, his uncle, Capt. Joshua Trickey and Joseph B. Trickey. Mr. Meserve's two sons are now landlords of hotels here, and two sons of the Trickey family are co-partners in the same line of business.

Runaway Brook Falls, Kearsarge Village, N. H.

Mr. Meserve, senior, years ago used to carry on the saw mill business here, and a part of his work was to turn out base ball bats for a sporting goods house of Boston. For a time this was quite a large business for the town.

Every time I hear saw mill mentioned I can't help thinking of what I used to hear my old grandfather say about slabbing logs. He said that some men needed about as much slabbing to git them straightened out so they'd be wuth something as a

crooked log did. And then he'd go on to say that after 'twas straightened out all right there wasn't much left for timber. I always thought there was lots of truth in't.

As you enter the cluster of hotels you see Iron Mountain to the left, Thorn Mountain to the right, where the famous Thorn Mountain Park is situated, which was designed for private residences. Beyond the valley is Eagle Mountain and other prominent peaks, while beyond to the left Mt. Washington and a part of the Presidential range are plainly in view, apparently but a few miles distant.

Two rivers—the Glen Ellis and the Wild Cat—make a junction here, and it is along these river banks that many a fisherman has discovered the title page to a good fish story. They abound in trout, as do nearly all of the streams in this region. Along the banks of these streams and on the mountain sides are the most delightful walks and drives, and everybody enjoys them.

There are now a number of large and elegant hotels here, with a capacity for caring for several thousand guests, and one of the hotels, the Iron Mountain House, opens winters for snow-shoe parties, which has become quite a popular pastime.

There is a nice mineral spring here, that Professor Edmund R. Angell says "for purifying the blood and cleansing the system, a better water could hardly be found." And he ought to know, for he is Chemist to the State Board of Health. It is called the Jackson Mineral Spring. There are good golf links here.

The Glen.

Too bad the old Glen House burned down, and when the new Glen House was destroyed by fire, it was a still greater loss to the east side, for it was one of the most attractive hotels in its architectural construction that I have ever seen, and it was always well managed.

What a grand ride of fifteen miles on top of a stage coach from Glen Station to the Glen House!—mountains everywhere all along the road, rushing streams, waterfalls, cascades, through green meadows and forests of spruce and pine! The site of the Glen House is where the mountain carriage road begins that extends to the summit of Mt. Washington.

Where I First Met Mr. Joshua Billings.

I first met Josh Billings at the old Glen House, and I found him a wonderful character. He was a great fisherman; used to go up and down the Peabody River and catch lots of trout, but he never bragged about it. When he used to cross the mountain road where the bridge and the toll-house was located, he would stick his head in at the door and say, "Here's where you catch 'um!" And sure enough they did, for foot passengers had to

Moat Mountain and the Saco River.

pay a quarter to git by that little house, and eighty cents apiece must be paid for every horse that went up the mountain road.

I remember one cool morning, a lot of Bostonians had gathered around the wood fire in the lobby of the hotel, and all of a sudden Mr. Billings said, "Gentlemen, I can propound a common word to you that you can't tell Webster's definition of, with all your Boston knowledge!" The Boston gentlemen didn't believe that, and so Mr. Billings says, "Well, I'll give you the word, and you'll see with all your boasted Boston knowledge you can't define it.

The word is 'Humanitarian.' Now, give the definition, and git your gin!" Some said one thing and some another, but none of them were right, although they declared they were. "Not one of you are right," said Mr. Billings. "The word means a being that don't believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ." Then he laughed as if he'd satisfied himself in downing the men from Boston, and they walked off as crestfallen as you can imagine. He wasn't very well for a number of years, and he used to go to the Glen where he could be perfectly quiet and pick up in health. He found a spring near the river bank that he named after himself, and visitors always wanted to drink out of that spring. It's a pity some one doesn't build another hotel on this beautiful site.

The White Mountain Carriage Road.

The carriage road that extends eight miles to the summit of Mt. Washington from the site of the Glen House, is one of the most wonderful engineering undertakings of its kind in America, from the fact that the grade is easy from start to the finish. It winds in and out of great patches of forest, first along what appears like a country road, and then again along the edge of some precipice. After you pass the Half-Way House, the scenery is grandly sublime. You look over into a deep ravine at the foot of Mt. Jefferson, and then a sharp turn of the road brings you to the summit of a spur of the mountain, where a broad view of the mountainous country round about is afforded, Tuckerman's Ravine being in the foreground. You feel as though you would like to have the driver rein up his six horses here for an hour, so fascinating is the scenery. Every hundred feet gives a new scene, and you feel when you reach the Summit House that you have taken the most remarkable carriage ride that there is to be enjoyed anywhere in all the world.

You naturally will want to stop over night at the Summit House, so as to obtain a view from the highest point in New England, and if the morning be fair, you will not be disappointed as you look away towards Portland, and then over into Vermont, Maine and Canada, where, as you might well say, myriads of mountain peaks meet your vision, and these, together with the foot-hills and valleys, with villages, hotels and villas dotting the landscape here and there, form a picture that you probably have never seen quite equalled before in any country.

When I went up the last time I enjoyed it just as well as I did the first time. You never git tired of New Hampshire scenery.

Besides the hotel there are several other buildings on the summit. The old signal station, the stage house, engine house, and the old Tip Top house, which is now a printing office, where a daily paper is issued during the summer, called "Burt's Among the Clouds." It's wonderfully interesting, giving the names of all the mountain visitors, and most of the names of guests of the hotels around the White Mountains.

I was amused one day when a Chicago gentleman who wanted

Goodrich Falls, Jackson, N. H.

a paper told the boy he "thought ten cents was a pretty high price for a daily." "Well," says the boy, "It ain't so high when you come to think of it. Paper is very high up here on the mountain." "Don't see why it should be any higher here than anywhere else, save a little extra freight bill," said the gentleman. "O, but you don't understand," said the boy, "it's over six thousand feet above the level of the sea! That makes it figure pretty high, you see!" The Chicago man put on a sickly smile and bought twenty copies.

You go down to Fabyans and Bethlehem on the west side of the mountain by the inclined railway, which is another one of the wonders in engineering undertakings. You naturally think it looks pokerish, but they have never had an accident on this road since its construction, twenty odd years ago.

Crawford Notch.

At Glen Station you begin one of the most interesting railroad rides that you about ever enjoyed, I venture to say, and one that

Jackson Scenery.

you never will forgit. When you have bought your ticket at the retail price you feel as if you'd like to tear off a corner to retain as a relic of the trip, particularly when you find you could have gone through for about half the money if you had bought a thousand mile book. Well, no matter about that, the road bed costs here, through this great rift in the mountains, more than five times as much as it does in other points along the route, and of course you are expected to bear your proportion of the expense, which is only right.

When you get to Bartlett, a typical mountain town with one excellent hotel, you begin to git a glimpse of the wonders before you. You begin to climb and climb, and keep on climbing, some of the time on the banks of the headwaters of the Saco river, crossing occasionally the old carriage road that extends through the Notch, you keep a-going higher and higher until when you git up where the conductor says you can't go any higher unless you climb Mt. Washington, you feel for all the world as if you had been dragged out of the bowels of the earth up on to its surface, where you can breathe easy once more.

Gateway of Crawford Notch, White Mountains.

There is some of the grandest scenery here that there is in any part of the world, so old travellers say, and as you ride along you can enjoy it all. When you come to where the old Willey House used to stand, you can't help thinking of the sad story that a land slide occasioned on the 28th day of August, 1826. A whole family were buried alive, together with their hired help. Samuel Willey, Jr., and his wife, Polly Lovejoy Willey, were living here with their five beautiful children and two farm hands. When the land slide came, if they had only staid in the house they would

have been saved, for a few months before a huge bowlder came down the mountain side and stopped immediately in the rear of the kitchen door. It was this great rock that saved the house. But they went out because they thought it best to, and met their death.

Why is it folks will persist in living in jest such outlandish places? Why couldn't they have gone down the valley a little further where it is broader, so they could have gone to bed at night with feelings of safety? The town officials ought to interfere in such cases and make them move out in to more safe places. If women had had their rights sech nonsense would long ago have been stopped, I dare say. I sometimes think man cares more for a horse than he does for a human being. I never can think of this terrible calamity without gitting all wrought up about it jest to think that somebody didn't have sense enough to stop the affair before it begun. But it can't be helped now. All we can do is to drop a tear and pass on, but it sort of takes away some of the pleasures of the rest of the journey for that day, unless one is very frivilous in nature.

When you have reached the other side of the Notch, and passed through the gateway, you come out by a little lake at Crawford station, and then pass on to Fabyans, Bethlehem, Jefferson, Whitefield and Littleton, all charming summer resorts.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE REGION.

Laconia.

The region round about Lake Winnipesaukee is as charming to the white man of to-day as it was to the aboriginees, who gave it the name of the "Smile of the Great Spirit." Before you reach the Weirs, which is the station on the railroad nearest the lake, you pass through Laconia, which is situated on Lake Winnesquam, a body of water nine miles long by about two wide, and a wonderful body of water for bass fishing. It is connected with the larger lake by a swift running river about three miles long. This body of water, together with the Belknap range of mountains that lie towards the east from the town, bordering Lake Winnipesaukee on the west, makes this locality a most desirable summer resort, and hundreds of folks from all parts of the country stop here at

some of the many hotels that enjoy desirable sites for viewing the lake and the mountain ranges. I've caught some wonderfully large bass here in Lake Winnesquam, but like everybody else that understands the art, I lost the ones that were the biggest.

The best place to fish is where the river empties into the lake. You are most always sure of catching a good string of bass here, provided they happen to be running when you are there. I knew a Boston man or two who would generally catch a numerous num-

Lake Winnipesaukee at the Weirs.

ber of them most any time that they wanted to. Some will weigh four and five pounds.

The scenery round this lake is full as interesting as the sport of fishing, for the former you are always sure of averaging up about the same every day, while the latter varies, along with the weather.

The Weirs.

The Weirs is where the steamboats of the big lake make their landings, and connect with the railroad trains. Some folks think

this is about the most interesting place in all of New England, because there are such refreshing views of the lake, together with grander views of the mountains, which can be seen in all directions. And what a place for boating and fishing! 'Taint any wonder they think it enchanting. An electric railroad connects this place with Laconia, which runs along the water front all of the way, making one of the most interesting car rides that I ever enjoyed, and which gave a variety to carriage and steamboat riding, of which I had had my share for one season.

Asquam Lake, Holderness, N. H.

There are a number of good hotels here right near the steamboat landing, and these afford lots of pleasure for the young folks that always like to see something going on at a summer resort. You can keep as quiet as you please or you can be in the whirl of a numerous number of entertainments of different kinds nearly all summer long.

Dr. Greene is the owner of the largest hotel here the man that got up that great medicine, along with his brother, that they call Nervura. Everybody ought to know him. Thousands and thousands of bottles been sold all over the world, I suppose. How I did like to hear the Doctor lecture and show them great pictures of foreign countries, and

recite the poem of "The mill will never grind with the water that has passed." He was one of the most collected men I ever met. Don't believe you could make him nervous if you hollered right in his ear. He's got one of the handsomest hotels in New Hampshire, facing the water front, from the piazzas of which you can see the steamboats coming and going, and all of the beautiful sights that this place is noted for. If you've got any poetry in your nature it's bound to take root and grow here.

The other points bordering on Lake Winnipesaukee are Centre Harbor, Wolfboro, Alton Bay, Lake Shore Park, and some of the islands

Kimball's Castle, overlooking Lake Winnipesaukee.

have fine cottages and villas that make them important. The steamboats stop at most all of these places.

Holderness and Ashland.

The town of Holderness is situated on Asquam Lake, about four miles from the railroad station at Ashland, and is one of the most remarkable in many respects of all of the New Hampshire summer resorts. Here are a chain of lakes, extending for miles between the hills and mountains, forming a picture quite different from any other lake scenery in this section. There are a number of good hotels, two of them very large, located in different parts of the town, some in the valleys, others

on the summit of high hills, while there are a few located on the gentle slopes near the water's edge, thus enabling anyone to select just the point that they want. The drive from the railroad station is full of interest, so much so that you wish there were more miles to be covered before reaching your hotel. This town is so near Lake Winnipesaukee, guests stopping here are afforded the greatest variety of carriage rides that can possibly be desired.

"Old Man of the Mountain."

North Woodstock and Franconia Notch.

At North Woodstock, which is one of the leading resorts of the White Hills, is where you take the coach for Franconia Notch. You can git in there by rail, but you've got to go to Bethlehem Junction to take the train, and that is on the other side of the Franconia Range of mountains.

This place has been made famous by the "Old Man of the Mountain," which has been on guard way up there on the mountain long before stage coaches were thought of. Then, that great rift in the surface

of the earth which is called the "Flume," is another wonder of nature that interested me as much as anything, and which everybody talks about more or less.

You are apparently so close to the base of the mountains as you drive along with your six-horse team, you are impressed that unless the earth holds pretty steady they're liable to tip over on to somebody.

The Flume, Franconia Notch.

There are two beautiful lakes here, and many more points of interest. The public is well cared for here by two large hotels, and on account of such good accommodations thousands of people visit this place yearly.

Bethlehem.

Bethlehem is the most considerable place for summer hotels in New Hampshire. It is laid out with one long street, with two or three run-

ning crosswise, at the base of Mt. Agassiz, and enjoys an elevation of over fourteen hundred feet. The Ammonoosuc Valley lays to the left as you face Mt. Washington, which is plainly in view, together with other points of the Presidential Range, as well as points of the Franconia Mountains. The scenery here is grand almost beyond description.

On both sides of the main street numerous hotels are located, and some are situated on the side streets. They are all good hotels, and guests come from all parts of this country.

Main Street, Littleton, N. H.

Why this place was called Bethlehem, I have never found out, although I suppose there's a reason for it; but it's a good name that has always been sustained by the citizens of the town in a manner that is worthy of them.

Maplewood is a mile further along, and is really a part of the same town, where there are two more first-class hotels located, one of them the largest on this side of the mountains.

Littleton

Littleton is one of the most thrifty towns in the State, as well as one of the most beautiful. It is situated only five miles from Bethlehem, and has become quite famous as a summer resort. The summer hotels are located high up on the hill above the main street, or in the outskirts

of the town. A few manufactories here places the town in an independent position as to the support it receives from summer tourists, although the citizens of the place do all that they can to foster the summer hotel business. Besides the summer hotels here there are two or three good commercial houses, where drummers try to make their headquarters when they are traveling in this section of the State.

Franconia and Sugar Hill.

Sugar Hill and Franconia enjoy practically the same locality, although Sugar Hill is located on higher ground. To reach these places you must stop off at Sugar Hill station or at Littleton, and take car-

Belknap Range, Laconia.

riages to the different hotels, which are very large, and there are a number of them.

The views enjoyed from these hostelries are said to be the most far-reaching of any enjoyed among the mountains, unless it be those that are seen from the summit of Mt. Washington.

Whitefield.

Whitefield is another one of the thriving villages among the White Hills, which enjoys quite a lot of business besides that which the summer hotel brings to the place. It is located on the Johns River, at the junction of the Boston & Maine, Maine Central and Whitefield & Jefferson Railroads It is a wonderfully attractive town, with some 3,000 population. The summer hotels here enjoy the very best patronage year after year.

Jefferson.

Jefferson, one of the largest resorts for the summer tourist, is situated on the west side of the Presidential range, Jefferson Highlands being located almost at the base of the mountains. There are a great number of hotels here, those at Jefferson proper being nearly all under one management, I am told. You must take carriages for the latter point, but there is a railway station quite near the Highlands.

There is a most extensive view of the broad valley, and the mountains can be seen at almost every point of the compass.

There are a numerous number of other summer resorts of interest,

Lake Winnesquam, Laconia.

but these that I have mentioned are in my opinion the leaders so far as New Hampshire is concerned among the lake and mountain regions.

Rye Beach and Isle of Shoals.

Among the seashore resorts of New Hampshire, Rye Beach and the Isle of Shoals are of course the most fashionable, and they both enjoy as interesting locations on the Atlantic as any of our most popular summer resorts in other States. At Rye Beach I found a number of good hotels, large and small, and at the Isle of shoals I found some of the largest and most elegant houses that I have ever seen anywhere. These are both famous resorts, and thousands of people go there yearly.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Talking about women's rights the other day, Toleration says, says he, "I don't think I care particularly about how many rights the women enjoy, but I've thought how humiliating it would be to introduce my wife to some friend of mine as the 'Town Sargent,' provided you got elected, or to be obliged to witness your efforts in various other ways that you might call your rights—for instance, driving a six-horse team, holding the plow, presiding at a town meeting, or leading a brass band. Wal, 'Mandy, I guess you'd cut a figure as a drum major! But then, if you want all of the rights and privileges that the men have, of course these are among the rest of them."

"Toleration," says I, "you know better than to talk that way. You know that women don't want to do nonsensical things. You know I don't want to be Town Sargent or a drum major, nor anything else that ain't becoming for women to do, and you are only talking to make fun of the cause, that's all. But the cause is right and you know it, and it's got to stand and be carried forward until women has the right to protect her sons and daughters from the contaminating influences of this world. And that's practically all that she wants. If the mothers of America could have their way there wouldn't be a corner groggery from Boston to San Francisco, and politics would be washed so clean the old parties couldn't pick out their own linen!"

Then he spoke up and says, "Why, you know Saint Paul says women shouldn't even speak in meetin', to say nothing about other public places."

That kinder stirred me up, and I says, says I "That's jest like a man for all the world. No ideas of his own, and so has to take up with somebody's sayings that were read off hundreds of years ago. Why don't you think for yourself, and be original, and not be for everlastingly following in somebody else's footsteps."

If there is anything in St. Paul's writings that makes me think that they were not all inspired, it is the passage where he says, "Let your women keep silence in the churches. . . for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." Of course times were not then as they are now, but they were jest the same for Saint Paul as they were for our Saviour, and whoever heard of Christ rebuking a woman for speaking in meeting or anywhere else, if she spoke the truth?

And so I told him, "Saint Paul probably forgot how many women talked to Jesus, and how he enjoyed conversing with Mary and Martha, and never felt that they were talking out of their sphere, either. I guess if they could talk with him in the body, women can tell of his wondrous goodness in churches without breaking the law, and Saint

Paul ought to have known it. But probably he didn't think, because he'd been so accustomed to see how the Jews had kept their women under in the old administration of things. But they don't have any weight to-day, and you've no business to quote them. If you was generous toward womankind you'd want to hear from the mothers of this land every day in the year, and you'd vote for it, too."

Why, what would this world come to if it wasn't for the mothers? When a boy is wayward, whose heart is it that is tender enough to follow him and git him back into good society again? The mother's, of course. Sometimes a boy gits into prison by bad associations, and his father says "Serves him right: we've done all we could for him, and now he's departed from our teachings, and he must suffer the consequences!" And so he turns his back upon his own son. But his mother takes him a bouquet of flowers the first time they will let her go into the prison to see her boy, and she keeps taking them, along with her good counsel, letting him know that the sun's rays have not gone out altogether, and that there is a chance for fallen humanity if they will only try to do better. She can't forgit the cradle, and the lullabys she used to sing, and how his little toddling feet came into the house with his little being laden with a mountain of trouble, which a kiss and a hug from mother would brush away, and then out to play again. She remembers graduation day, how he shared in the honors of the occasion, and how proud she was when he went out into the world to earn his own living. How his every success was a joy to her, and to his father as well—but fathers can forgit, but mothers never. She would not believe her son was bad at heart, for he had told her he was innocent: she laid the whole affair to the hard influences of this cruel world. At the end of six months it was proven that her boy was innocent of the crime, and he was a free man! Can you tell me the depth of the joy in the soul of that mother? Words are not enough. Of course the father is reconciled, and will tell you that "all of the time he didn't believe Jack was guilty." O, let the mothers talk. Let them have their way in matters that will make men better. You can trust the mothers. They won't sell their votes, and they won't lie. It's better to be tied to your mother's apron strings than to be hitched up to a chain gang. But 'tisn't necessary to be tied to either. American mothers are not selfish. They only want their boys to be noble men, and their girls to be noble women.

Then I says, "Talk about women holding the plow and doing sech like work, to man's disgrace be it said, she's done too much already. I know of lot of women right here in New England who weed onions, hoe corn, and help to do all kinds of harvesting, and their husbands don't object, nuther. When they were first married, no doubt they didn't want them to soil their hands with such an occupation, but as

time wore on they soon got to thinking that a sunburned face and masculine hands were dreadful becoming to the women folks of their houses, because it helped to pay the taxes. Now, no honest wife objects to do her share of labor in helping to pay for the farm or a house in the city, but her sphere of labor should come within the home, strictly speaking, and she never ought to allow herself to do the kind of work that was designed for man and horses to do. But that doesn't mean that she shall not have any voice in ethical, social, political and other matters pertaining to the life of this world."

"Yes," says he, "there you are agin, running right up against the ideas of some of our biggest men. Why, 'Mandy, your favorite minister, Mr. Talmage, said only a little while ago that women ought to be satisfied with the kind of lives that were lived in old Bible times, such as was lived by the Dorcases, the Rebeccas and the Hannahs of the Old Testament. Now, what's the use in talkin' agin' sech big preachers as he is? They've studied into the matter, and ought to know all about it. You are jest wastin' time in trying to talk 'em down."

"Now," says I, "Toleration, I certainly have had a high opinion of Dr. Talmage—think he's one of the best preachers in the world, but I've always noticed that all of our greatest men have one or more failings in their nature as well as other folks, and Dr. Talmage's besetting weakness is evidently his inhumanity to women. He probably has never let go of theology long enough to see that it's possible for the Twentieth Century woman to live, move, and have her being among the people of the world, thinking with them, talking with them, and acting with them on a plane that is equal for all human beings alike, and at the same time live lives as profitable, as pure, and as much for the home life as ever any of the Hannahs or Rebeccas of any period in the world's history have ever lived!"

"Of course you'll have to argue and talk," says he, "but 'twon't do any good."

"Time'll tell," says I, "whether it'll do any good or not! It's enough sight better for humanity to argue than it is to sit down under sech statements and accept them as the doctrine of the universe, when the fact is they amount to only one man's opinion. The Doctor says he could name twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin did, and I've no doubt that it is true: but it's my opinion that I can name twenty American women that could make a better and less bigoted creed than all the Presbyterian ministers put together, with all the preachers of the other churches thrown in. Fact on't is man as a rule thinks he's got a mind and heart as broad as the Atlantic Ocean, but jest as soon as you cross his ideas of the hereafter and the right system on earth for saving man's soul from damnation, he becomes as narrow as a mill race. Now,

woman is different. You can reason with a woman. If she's on the wrong track, she's willing to look into the matter, but whatever she believes she follows up with more consistency than man ever thought of doing. Why is it that women makes up nine-tenths of the attendance at prayer meetings as a rule? Because she lives her religion more consistently than man does. 'Twould be just the same with politics. She'd make no half-way work about it."

"Wal," says Toleration, "If you won't say any more about it, we'll take a sail down the Bay."

And so we did. Toleration is a wonderful hand to make statements, but he ain't got any gift for proving anything. But I didn't stop talkin'. After the boat had started, I says, says I, "Talk about the usefulness of women and her natural rights, you must be blind if you can't see that man is entirely selfish in the matter. You was dreadfully well pleased when I was elected President of the Women's Aid Society, and so was Deacon Johnson and the minister. Well, the long and short of it was you all thought I could make myself wonderfully useful, along with the society, in helping to raise the furniture for the new parsonage, and so you thought you'd give me a proportionate amount of praise, according to the quantity of returns that you expected to git in furniture! Now, if woman is qualified to raise furniture, she's qualified to raise taxes and lower taxes, make laws and unmake laws, jest as well as man is! We ain't agoin' to be satisfied with being elected to act on a festival committee, unless we can be elected as a part of some delegation that has the power to nominate men and women for public office that will be a credit to the office that they are elected to fill, and the time's a-coming when everybody will see that this is the right condition of things, and when that happy time does come, honesty will be at a greater premium than it ever was before, and there won't be half so much sin in the world. And the best of all, man will lose some of his overbearing egotism, and will stand up and recognize in his daughters equal intelligence and business capacity with his sons."

"Well, well," says Toleration, "don't talk so loud: everybody on the boat will hear you!"

I kept on until I guess he won't ever again refer to St. Paul or Dr. Talmage to defend his selfish ideas, for he said he thought he could enjoy himself if he could go off shore a cod-fishing for a week or so, and when he goes off like that I never go with him. Well, let him go: it'll give him a chance to think it all over without anybody to interrupt.

A Story of Southern Chivalry.

TRAVELS IN NEW ENGLAND.

[I want to tell a little story that relates to the outcome of travel in New England, that came under my observation, and which will show, if it doesn't interest you, that you don't look through the same spectacles that I do.—*Mrs. T. Wilberforce.*]

JAMES HOWARD, a planter and ranchman, near Ashville, North Carolina, had labored many years among the mountains of his native State, after the war was over, to gain a competency for his family in the occupation that had been his father's before him—that of raising cattle for the Chicago market and farming on a large scale. The "Cap'n," as he was called, for he had fit in the Rebellion at the head of a company of sturdy mountaineers, and had "won his spurs," as they say, had been successful from the standpoint of the estimate of his neighbors, although he never made any display of his wealth, whatever that might be.

The mountains round about his plantation and cattle ranges were noted for "moonshine s," as they were called, and it was no uncommon thing to hear the crack of rifles off on the mountain side, which told of the meeting of Uncle Sam's revenue officers with the owners of the "stills" that turned out the famous corn whiskey or "mountain dew," as it was known in that region. Sometimes it was a native of the State that was shot, and then again it would be a Government officer. "These were trying times," the Cap'n would say, and then he'd relate some stories of these illicit distilleries that fairly made me nervous. But none of the wealth that the Howards had accumulated had ever come from making whiskey on the mountains. He said that many of these men were good citizens, but they were deluded with the belief that the Government had no right to interfere with the occupation that gave them a scanty livelihood.

Some ten years ago early one spring, it dawned upon Cap'n Howard that his family had never visited New England, and that the sea shore or broad Atlantic had never met their vision. The more he thought the more he was convinced that such a journey should be taken, for it grew upon him that such a trip would not only be filled with pleasure,

but it would help to polish up the manners of his son and daughter. Martha and John, for while they had been educated in the best schools of the State, they had not been given a wide field of travel. To be sure they had been down to Ashville and visited the great hotels there, and had become acquainted with many of the grand folks from different parts of the country, some of them being relatives; but they had not enjoyed the benefits that extensive travel gives to one in making up a free and graceful manner, so their father thought.

After all has been said, I believe the grace that is developed in the home under mother's influence is the kind that is the most sought for, because it is of the retiring kind. But no matter, the Cap'n had suddenly come to the conclusion that he owed something to his children, and that was to let them see more of the world than they had ever seen before, and to begin right near by in New England.

The matter was talked over with Mrs. Howard and everything settled that they should begin the journey in June, and then Martha and John were given the plans for the coming summer. To say that it was an agreeable surprise would hardly express their appreciation.

The daughter was eighteen, one of those wide-awake Southern girls, as much given to life as any Yankee girl that I ever saw. John had passed his twenty-second birthday, was a stalwart young man, fully six feet tall, with a manly countenance that most any girl would call handsome. He was the greatest horseman in the county, and as an athlete he was looked upon by the other young men of that section as just a little ahead of anybody else they had ever seen or read about. No cowboy of the Western plains could round up a herd of cattle or do tricks in the saddle better than he, was the common talk of his neighbors. And besides these acquirements, he was his father's right hand man in business matters. Grand in his bearing, unassuming in manner, he always made a good impression wherever he went, and friends came to him naturally.

The 15th of June the family had bidden good-by to their friends and had taken the train for Norfolk, Va., where they were to take one of the steamers of the Norfolk Line for Providence, their destination being Narragansett Pier, in Rhode Island. This route was selected because it would give them all a taste of old ocean at once, and yet would not be a very long voyage. It was the steamer "George Appold," one of the largest of the line. The weather was beautiful all the way, and consequently the Howards' first experience on the deep was a favorable one.

The sail up Narragansett Bay was like a dream to them, for they had never seen anything approaching this, the French Broad River of their native State being the only considerable stream they had ever seen. Sailing in and out among large and small islands on so large a

steamer, both sides of the bay being dotted here and there with beautiful cottages, and again whole clusters of them, passing numerous light houses, all kinds of sailing craft, steam tugs with strings of coal barges, steam yachts, schooners, and so on, made the closing part of their journey enchantingly interesting.

At Providence they took the train for Narragansett Pier, where they were soon located in their hotel.

John and Martha had both read a great deal of the attractiveness of the place, of the grand ocean views, the beautiful drives, its Indian

"With Yachting Parties off Narragansett Pier and Newport."

lore, and so on, and so when they came out upon the hotel piazza after dinner, which faced the water and the Ocean Drive, they were not disappointed.

Away to the left they beheld the headlands of Conanicut and Dutch Islands, the West Passage into Narragansett Bay, and further along the entrance to Newport Harbor. Directly in front was Brenton's Reef Lightship, and off to the right, as far as the eye could reach, was the broad expanse of the ocean, the view uninterrupted except by numerous coasting vessels, with their white wings spread in order to git all of the wind that they could to make good headway. Some of

them were pointed northeast, others southwest: some were apparently near by, while others were just showing their masts above the horizon, apparently coming up out of the ocean, which reminded Martha of her early studies in geography that explained by similar pictures how the earth's surface was round. Many more things along the sea shore told her how true her teacher was in training her mind on these marine subjects.

John Howard became at once a favorite with the young men. First, because as an athlete they recognized he was as supple as an antelope and as strong as a young giant, but he seemed to make no account of his accomplishments. As a horseman none could equal him, and in short he became their champion within a few weeks, because he excelled in all of their sports, and such a man is always looked up to.

He didn't seem to be given so much to indoor society, although the young ladies seemed to do all they could to make it as attractive for him as for the other young gentlemen, when they gave out some special programme for the evening, for they evidently had full as much respect for John as their brothers had.

Now, while we all know that "Handsome is that handsome does," where is there a young girl living that doesn't like to see a winsome face, that may honestly be called handsome, on the shoulders of a stalwart young man? And when that young man doesn't seem to fall in with the programmes that young ladies prepare, of course they are put to't to find out wherein they are wanting in their powers to entertain. John continued to prefer the out-door sports, although he would condescend to be present at some of the best efforts at the hotels and the Casino.

The Putnams of Chicago had booked for four weeks at the Pier from July 14th, and when they arrived there was a natural acquaintance formed between them and the Howards. Their daughter Marion and Martha became firm friends, and John seemed to like the friendship that had grown up between them, for he began to be more pleased with indoor amusements after he had become acquainted with Miss Putnam. It very soon became almost a daily occurrence for them to be seen out yachting together, taking a drive, or enjoying the mid-day bath on the beach, along with his sister.

Most anybody would have said this was a case of love at first sight, but as most anybody is liable to know nothing about it, sensible folks don't generally say much, though they can think what they choose. It was the striking beauty of the girl that made me jump at this conclusion.

The month passed in a round of pleasure such as this great watering place is capable of providing, and Martha had come to the con-

elusion that what she didn't know about fishing and yachting was made up by the knowledge that Marion and John had acquired in that line. And then after the day's sport on the water, what delightful entertainments they had all enjoyed evenings at the different hotels. Taking all things together, surely this was pronounced by the Howards the grandest place they could have chosen to enjoy the beauties and wonders of the sea shore.

About the middle of August it was proposed by Mrs. Putnam that both families go to the White Mountains, that there might be a variety

"John and Marion often enjoyed horseback rides down the Glen Road."

to their sojourn, and give them a chance to enjoy the autumn foliage and to see some of the beauties of New England as they traveled along through the different towns. This was agreed upon, and it was decided by Marion that they should go over into the State of Connecticut and visit the home of Gen. Putnam, and the wolf den in Pomfret, for even Mr. Putnam had never visited the home of his great grandfather, and therefore this offered too good an opportunity to let pass unnoticed.

At Providence a four-horse coach was hired, and the party was driven through the wilds of Foster into Connecticut, through the main street of the beautiful village of Danielson, one of the most charming

little boroughs that they had ever visited, along the banks of the Quinebaug, enjoying its beautiful scenery, and then on to Brooklyn Green, where the General lived at the breaking out of the Revolution—where, upon the first news of the approach of the British, he saddled his horse, called the farmers together, and marched to the defence of Bunker Hill. This was proving fully as interesting to the Howards as to the descendents of this sturdy old warrior. From Brooklyn they drove over the road leading toward Pomfret, and stopped at the farm house where Gen. Putnam spent the closing days of his life.

From the place where the General died they continued on to the point which was of especial interest to all of the party—where the she-wolf was killed in her den, more than a century ago. She had been so much of an annoyance to the farmers of the town because she had killed so many of their sheep, it was determined to hunt her down, and finally they tracked her to a rocky hillside in a wild section of the town of Pomfret, and they at once proceeded to smoke her out. This, however, was not successful, and as none of the slaves would consent to go into the den, Israel Putnam, then a young man, tied a rope to his ankle, and crawled into the den to make sure that the wolf was there, and satisfying himself, he went in the second time with his musket and shot her, and going in the third time he took hold of the ears of the wolf, and giving a kick upon the rope, he and the wolf were both pulled out together. From that time on the den became a point of interest, and thousands of people now visit it yearly.

When the party arrived, they walked down the rocky hillside, and when they came out before the mouth of the den, Mr. Putnam said, "There, Marion, is where your paternal ancestor crawled in and shot the wolf." The stones were chiseled and marked by hundreds of visitors who were evidently desirous of leaving their names where they could be seen by a curious public, and the general surroundings were such as to impress one with what the early settlers had to contend with in this rugged section of New England. They lingered for an hour enjoying the wild scenery and commenting upon the activity that must have resulted upon the killing of the wolf in such an unusual way, and after a photograph had been taken, they took their carriage again and drove over Pomfret Street, where so many New Yorkers make their summer homes. Arriving at Putnam, they took the train for Boston. To give the Howards a chance to see the city, a two days' stop over enabled them to visit its great institutions of learning, its various points of historical interest, and so on, and then they took train for Glen Station, their destination being the Glen House, fifteen miles up the valley, one of the famous summer hostelries of those days.

The ride from Glen Station was one of the most interesting that they had ever enjoyed, and when they arrived at the foot of Mt. Wash-

ington, where the Glen House was located, the Howards thought the scenery somewhat resembled that of their native mountains in North Carolina, although somewhat more striking in grandeur.

Then began a series of mountain climbings and trips over the road that had become so famous as the only way to reach the summit of Mt. Washington by carriage, and down the other side by the equally

"They drove through the main street of the beautiful village of Danielson."

famous railroad, to Fabyans, Bethlehem, Jefferson, Littleton, and back through Crawford Notch to their hotel again.

As the season wore on the relations between the Howards and the Putnams grew into the firmest friendship, and between Marion and John there seemed to be a warmth of friendship that might be called acute.

All pleasant seasons have their ending, and this was no exception. But the next year found the Putnams and the Howards again at the Glen, so pleased had they been with its charming scenery and invigorating air the year before.

There were more mountain and coaching parties, an occasional spin on horseback, more pleasant walks by Emerald Pool, along mountain paths, through sweet meadows, and with rod and line whiling away a few hours by the banks of the Peabody River, now and then catching a speckled beauty.

These were halcyon days—bright places along life's pathway that can never be forgotten. To say that Marion Putnam and John Howard enjoyed these outings, anyone could see was only the simple truth.

Martha, somehow, didn't go with them quite so often when they went for a stroll as she did the year before, although they urged her to do so, for the sensible girl could see that lovers don't always want a lot of company along. She knew that her brother and Marion had already come to a mutual understanding, and that the engagement had been sealed by a diamond ring only a few days before. And so the girl mused, "If I were somebody's sweetheart, I wouldn't like to have John always around, so as to about half spoil all the romance of an engagement among the mountains—the eternal hills—which is so symbolic of never-ending fidelity. No, I wouldn't want even my brother as company, for lover's talk may sound silly to a third party, while it's real sound doctrine to the interested parties." And she was not at all diffident in letting her brother know her sentiments.

Did you ever know of an engagement ring that went unnoticed in a big hotel, or anywhere else where most everybody knew everybody else? It isn't human nature. All the young lady guests made beautiful allusions to the match, and the older folks all said that it was one of those happy unions that was surrounded with jest enough romance to make a love story good enough for the Century Magazine, if only the simple truth were told.

Then I spoke up and said I never saw a more natural coming together of two mortal souls, and then I repeated what the ministers say, which is from the blessed Bible: "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" I know they read this at the wedding ceremony, but in my opinion it applies full as much when the agreement is made between two souls to join together their fortunes for life.

Now, when Mr. Putnam began to hear some talk about his daughter's engagement to young Mr. Howard, he didn't seem as well pleased as most folks supposed he would have been. I don't know whether he wanted some foreign title to be hitched on to the Putnam coat-of-arms, or what it was; but no matter, he evidently was displeased.

He had always seen Marion in the company of both Martha and her brother, when the girls were not by themselves, and so he evidently had not thought of anything of a serious nature growing up between his daughter and young Howard. His mind had been too busy with business matters of late to have noticed much of anything else, even if it had come directly under his nose.

BY ARTHUR A. DEAN.

"And along the Quinebaug."

He went to his wife and in an easy, off-hand manner inquired if she knew whether or not there was anything in the talk that he had heard about Marion and John Howard planning for a life partnership.

Mrs. Putnam declared that there was, and that Marion had talked the matter over with her some time ago. She told him that the engage-

ment was concluded three days ago, and that she and Marion intended to give him a surprise that very evening upon his return from Portland, where he had been for a few days.

Then the clouds burst, and the Putnam nature asserted itself in a way that was a disgrace to the honored name that had been handed down from the hero of the Revolution. He said, "My daughter shall never become the wife of a common planter and cattle herder! Visiting is one thing, but living is another. I say this matter must stop right where it is! It shall be carried no further! These Southerners have come up here and stolen away our only daughter, under the pretence of social relations. I have laid plans for Marion that shall make her one of the leaders of society, and they shall not be turned aside. Do you *hear* me? *They shall not be turned aside!*"

Then he spun off a lot of vehement slurs mixed with the bitterest sarcasm about the Howard family, and then turning on his heel, said, "Where is young Howard?" and rushing down the main stairway to the lobby of the hotel he met John just as he was coming in from a little jolt in the saddle, looking the picture of health and happiness, and addressing him, said:

"Well, young man, I understand you have been selecting a young lady here in the mountains for a partner in life to please yourself, regardless of the opinions or wishes of others?"

The young man was astonished at the remark, but was more self-possessed than Mr. Putnam, and seeing by his appearance that he might make a scene, he invited him into the gentlemen's smoking room where there was no one present to listen to private matters.

"Well," said John, "I am frank to say that I have come to a mutual understanding with a young lady that you are proud to call your daughter, and if matters continue in the even tenor of their way as they usually do after such a sacred understanding, I shall be satisfied with the usual ending when it shall please the parents of the young lady most interested in the matter to name the day."

"Well, it doesn't please the parents of the lady you speak of to make any date for the kind of ceremony that you are so anxious to propose! You've come here under the pretence of a friend and tried to steal away my daughter, but you shall not do it! If you wait for me to select the wedding day it will be so many years to come you will long before tire of your fanciful matrimonial prospects! The whole proceeding is an insult, and it shall not go through!"

"But Mr. Putnam—" said John.

"No words! Words should have come before! What I want now is the nullifying of this contract, and that speedily. Why, boy, you are but the son of a common Southern planter, and for you to present your hand to a young lady of the station that Marion walks in was

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nothing short of an insult to her parents, and such I take it. And I shall deal with this affair accordingly. Evidently your own father abetted this thing, too! You must remember that the mere associating together at a summer resort is one thing, but that does not carry with it any such privileges as you have usurped. I want no further talk upon the matter, but I will say once again that you must give up my daughter! The best thing you can do, young man, is to go back to your native mountains and marry the daughter of some moonshiner, and then settle down for life in the sphere where you belong!"

"There, Marion, is where your paternal ancestor crawled in and shot the wolf."

The hot Southern blood flushed the face of the young man, as he stood there without once attempting to resent the insults as they came thick and fast, but he finally said: "Mr. Putnam, these are insults that no ordinary man would endure under ordinary circumstances, and certainly the quick blood of a Southerner would resent them first of all others; but because you are the father of the girl that I honor and respect—yes, the young lady that I love – as much as you should have loved her mother when you stood before the altar rail and swore to make her life a happy one! For this, I say, I will not try to

satisfy the natural promptings of my nature, but will look upon your words as if they had never been said. As to the demand that you make, as unreasonable as it is, I will leave the whole matter to the wisdom of your daughter."

Mr. Putnam talked with his wife and daughter that evening, and though every means that words could resort to were brought to bear to reconcile him, he resolved then and there to stay at the Glen no longer, and putting his words into effect, he telegraphed for rooms at another hotel some twenty miles distant upon the other side of Mt. Washington.

In the meantime Cap'n Howard had heard of the insults that Mr. Putnam had given vent to, and unfortunately, too, for to quell the hot spirit that was rising into a storm in his breast was not to be put down so easy. His wife, who was explaining what he had said, and offering an excuse because he spoke under intense passion, and really didn't mean what he said, implored him not to notice it.

"But," said the Cap'n, "he said, I understand, that he wouldn't allow his daughter to marry the son of a common Southern planter or ranchman, and that he believes that we have helped along this match making, or in other words have stolen away his daughter, and that we have insulted him by allowing our 'low bred' son to make love to Miss Marion, and to close his words of venom, he advises John to marry a daughter of some moonshiner among his native mountains."

"But, father," said Martha, "don't notice it: he certainly did not mean what he said," and then she threw her arms about her father's neck, and begged him to wait for an apology which would certainly come in due time. She knew her father's expression and measured words meant trouble, and to think of a possible scandal and perhaps a tragedy in a public hotel was terrible to think of.

Putting his daughter gently aside, he said to his wife, "I've put up with a good many insults, but none so acute as these!" Then he started for the door, with the intent to meet, as he said, "the old man Putnam!"

Martha went to the lobby to find her brother, while her mother clung to the Cap'n as he stepped out into the hallway opposite their suite of rooms, imploring him to stay and avoid a scene, if not something worse.

My rooms were adjoining, and hearing a gentle commotion, I stepped out into the hallway, jest as the Cap'n was a saying that he had never swallowed such a lump of an insult and he couldn't do it now! Then Mrs. Howard called to me, and said in her dispair to not let him go, because it meant something awful! Then I spoke and says to the Cap'n: "It ain't any of my affairs, Mr. Howard, but it's the best opportunity to show what Southern chivalry can do that I ever

knew of, and now why don't you do it? Can't you see that you are on the very stamping ground of New England where everybody has always said that a Southerner can't hold his hosses, but lets his temper run away with him like a wild steer, which shows how hot blooded he is, naturally! Why not try it?"

Just as I said "chivalry," John and Martha appeared at the head of the stairs, and the first thing his son said was, "Yes, father, 'chivalry'—that's it, Southern chivalry! For the sake of the daughter, let this matter pass, and show what Southern blood is capable of doing under circumstances that are trying." The words seemed to touch him, and then when his own courting days were referred to, he turned

"Over Pomfret Street, where rich New Yorkers come for the summer."

about and entered his room, saying that it was a hard dose to swallow.

And so what promised to be a serious affair was averted, and when it was all over I was so nervous I couldn't sleep for a week.

True to his word the Putnams went over the mountains the next day to their new hotel, and then began the first separation: but it was only a matter of a mountain or two, and a few miles, and those don't count much with lovers unless something more serious develops.

Of course it was natural that such a sudden ending of social relations made it dull for a few days at the Glen, and the wonder developed among the guests upon the sudden departure of the Putnam family

made it embarassing. Martha shed some tears over the unfortunate outcome of affairs, and John seemed to find some relief in the saddle, although the short trips that he made were generally by himself, unless occasionally Martha chose to accompany him.

The mails had carried some morsels of comfort both ways as they were delivered daily, but the old gentleman Putnam was as relentless as ever, until ten days had elapsed, when a telegram from Chicago told him of the probable failure of one of the largest houses in St. Louis, his firm being one of the heaviest creditors. He seemed to soften up a bit after this, but said little. After the rumor had been confirmed by another telegram, Mr. Putnam went to Chicago post haste to see how bad matters were, and in two days he telegraphed his wife that unless $300,000 was forthcoming his business was ruined! She felt that this was too large an amount for the company to possibly secure, and when she saw in the papers that there was nothing left for the Putnams to do but make an assignment she was not wholly surprised, but of course felt keenly for her husband because he was passing through a terrible ordeal, such as he had never experienced before. Of course love matters were lost sight of now, and all attention was on the final outcome of Putnam & Company, of Chicago.

Of course the papers had carried the news to the outside world, and when John Howard saw the announcement he naturally enough talked the matter over with his father and the rest of the family, but what could be done?

Cap'n Howard seemed to be keenly interested, and had another talk with his son upon the matter, the outcome of which was a telegram sent to their Chicago agent who had handled all of their cattle trade for years. The papers didn't git hold of the contents of this telegram, but they did git hold of the announcement that Putnam & Company had passed the crisis, and their affairs were so fixed up as to enable them to continue without interruption. The papers spoke of a "dark horse," but his name was not forthcoming.

Mr. Putnam, however, was let into the inside of the arrangment, and he very soon learned that the "common planter" of North Carolina had more common dollars at his disposal than he ever dreamad of! And these common dollars had saved his business from a crash that he probably never could have rallied from!

Well, I've always said if you couldn't git at a man's heart through his stomach, you can always make sure you can do it through his pocket-book. Here was an instance of the latter case.

The Putnams came back over the mountains. There were some apologies and handshakings, and Mr. Putnam, looking as crestfallen as a whipped dog, said that he "never before had realized how much folly

can be developed in a human soul, simply because one thinks he is supported by a pillar of gold that can never fail him!"

How true that is. Thousands of poor mortals suffer the hot pangs of remorse because they let a little money turn their heads into the ways of foolishness.

On Thanksgiving Day of the same year there was a wedding at the plantation home of the Howards, under the shadows of the mountains of North Carolina. A special train had brought the friends of Marion from Chicago. Martha was leading bridesmaid. In the spacious parlor of a quaint Southern home, amid orange blossoms and a bower of tropical plants, the ceremony was performed that made Marion Putnam and John Howard man and wife. And when the minister said "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," the bride's father was the first to say "Amen," and her mother must have said under her breath, "And this is the beautiful outcome of Southern chivalry."

"TOLERATION" BEFORE THE GRANGE.

The Grange had a meeting while we were in New Hampshire, and Toleration and I were invited to be present. They'd heard that he came from Providence where the Budlongs were the greatest farmers in New England, and so they wanted him to come and tell them something about them. So we went, and I'm glad enough that we did, for I never heard husband talk so well before in my life. He was real common sense like and stood up for everything that had the best of principles. When he got through I felt as if I'd like to hug him. As a rule he generally has to say something that's good and then go to work and apologise because he's afraid somebody's feeling will be hurt, but this time he didn't, and I was glad. I've got some hopes for him now.

Well, they had their business meeting, and then several of the members got up and after talking about the prosperity of the country, its failings, etc., they struck into politics. Now I don't think it's a good plan to talk politics in an organization of that kind, but they did, and everybody seemed to enjoy it, too, though some got a little warmed up on the subject.

When they asked Toleration to say something he got up and after telling them that it wasn't anything uncommon for the Budlongs of Rhode Island to plant ten or fifteen acres of cucumbers in one field and as many acres devoted to tomatoes, cauliflower, and so on, and that they bought thousands of tons of horse manure every spring to put

onto their land, so thick that you couldn't see the soil, and that their system of using fertilizer was the secret of their success, that their markets were New York and Boston; he said, "I'm glad to see your organization so prosperous, and hope it will continue right along with the general prosperity of the country, for the farmers are entitled to their share of the good times. I see that there are a few conflicting opinions about the administration, and finding fault with the 'Imperialists,' and trying to throw off the responsibility resting on us as a nation in caring for, educating and Christianizing the natives of the islands that have come into our hands, and a lot of them standing ready to desert the very best interests of our country: while they have been doing this what has President McKinley been adoin'? What has Uncle William been up to? Has he been a skulkin' and hidin'? Not a minit?

"When the talk first begun he jest reached up and took down the old saw-buck, greased up the old family saw, filed her teeth with his own hands so she'd cut keen, and ever since he's been a sawin' wood, and there ain't been any let up to it nuther. He sawed jest enough pine and chestnut to make kindlings with, and then he lit into the oak, maple and birch, and about every other kind of wood that was sound, until now he's got a pile in front of the old Yankee wood-shed so big that you can't git it under cover. The best wood that ever was grown in the best American forests, from timber that was cut in almost every State in the Union, from the spruce and hemlock of Maine and New Hampshire to the pines of Oregon.

"I tell ye gentlemen, it's mighty interestin' to look at. Why, there's wood enough to keep the old Republican cook stove agoin' night and day for the next four years, and some to spare, without cuttin' another stick. They say the old range is '*black*,' but every house wife in the country will tell you that that's the proper color, so you can shout 'black Republican' all you want to. She's the best baker that was ever molded or ever had a fire put into her, and she's agoin' to turn out some of the best bread, and some of the biggest loaves that have ever been heard of since Pompeii with her big ovens was buried out of sight hundreds of years ago, by the lava from Mt. Vesuvius.

"Who's agoin' to be the cook? Why, Uncle William, of course. He's goin' to be head Chef, and there ain't agoin' to be no foreign title hitched to his name nuther; and the bill of fare is goin' to be spelled in plain English, so you'll know what you're agittin'. The bread is goin to be made of whole wheat, the best that can be raised in Minnesota, and the dough is goin' to be put together by Uncle William himself. He's mighty pertieular about the kind of bread his boys and girls have to eat, so there ain't agoin' to be no half dozen spoons in the bowl at the same time while he's adoin' the mixin'.

"You see he's studied into the chemical properties so much he knows jest the right proportions of cream of tartar and saleratus to put in to make good biscuit and good rolls, and knows all of the partizan adulterations so well they can't git any of their stuff into his dough, not while his eyes are open. So, ladies and gentlemen, you needn't worry about what you're to be fed on for the next four years or so.

"You can count upon it, there aint agoin' to be a mother in America that will want for all the kind of food that will nourish the child that is in her arms that God has given her, and there ain't goin' to be a red haired unchin, nor a dirty faced boot-black but that will have all the tarts that he can eat, and a jar of jam all his own, so that he can run his fingers in and lick them off as often as he chooses, and nobody to tell him '*that jam was saved for company.*' and then given a round spanking.

"No, sir. We've got a man that understands his business, and he ain't agoin' to back down and desert his administration family, nor any of their relations, *not if every gol darn foreigner and the country hollers back and pokes fun at him.*

"Every laboring man, and every man that is out of a job but who honestly wants to work, is agoin' to be put down as *company*, and Uncle William is goin' to see that they're fed on the fat of the land jest the same as *company* always should be. There aint anybody goin' to be hungry as long as he's the boss cook.

"Now you farmers haven't got your eyes half open if you can't see that you'll all have to plant an extra acre or two to meet the demand that such a thrifty old-fashioned cook is bound to create. Corn's bound to be wuth more, wheat will be wuth more, vegetables will fetch a bigger price, and labor will be so much better paid the masses can stand the advance in prices. If your sheep could raise a second crop of wool in a year the chances will be good for selling every ounce of it at a good figure, because the people will have the money to buy good woolen clothes with, and your hog crop will be

Toleration Before the Grange.

in equally good demand. There's no use in denying these facts.

"You can shout about your Bryans all you want to, and I'll shout with ye, for I believe he's one of the cleanest, best men I know of, but I don't believe we want to put him in boss cook, for he don't know enough about the chemical properties that brings out real good pastry, such as the epicurean tastes of the American people are a calling for, and being a novice at the business it would be natural for him to turn the culinary department over to some of his pupils, and of course they'd be true to his instructions and insist on putting in everything in the proportion of 16 to 1, and every woman in America knows that that ratio would spile everything from a loaf of cake to a pan of biscuit, and that would never do.

"Now, gentlemen, in closing my remarks, I want to say, vote your convictions every time, but in my opinion, if you are on the right track, and know when you are well off, and that which is best for yourself and your country,—that which will give her the prosperity that she's entitled to,—every one of you farmers will go to the polls and vote for the man that understands the chemical properties and knows how to run the fires so that things won't spile."

SUMMER RESORTS IN MAINE.

There are many interesting seaside and mountain resorts in the State of Maine, which space does not permit me to say very much about. They are, nevertheless, full as attractive as can be found anywhere, and thousands make their summer home there. The principal seashore places are Old Orchard and York Beaches, Kennebunkport, Casco Bay and many more. Inland you will find a numerous number of excellent resorts, with good hostelries, including Poland Springs, Moosehead Lake, the Rangeleys, and so many more it would require a large book to describe them all. The grandest scenery, great pine forests, and the most prolific fishing grounds in the world.

If you can't find a place in New England that will suit your folks, then they must be dreadful fussy and particular.

There is no place in America where the month of October is made use of to better advantage than in the State of Maine. In the North woods of that State deer, caribou and moose abound as almost everybody knows, and every fall thousands go there round about New Sweden and other neighboring places, to enjoy the sport, and then come home and tell their wives and friends all about their experiences in language that is sublime and more or less truthful.

FOR CAMP, YACHT AND HOME!

If you are going Camping or Yachting this summer
your equipment is not complete without

"PERFECTION" AIR MATTRESSES.

Light and portable.

Clean and odorless.

Weigh only from
10 to 12 pounds.

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moisture.

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carried in a grip
or bag.

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The New Rockingham Hotel,

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.,

Will open for the season of 1900, on Wednesday, June 20th.

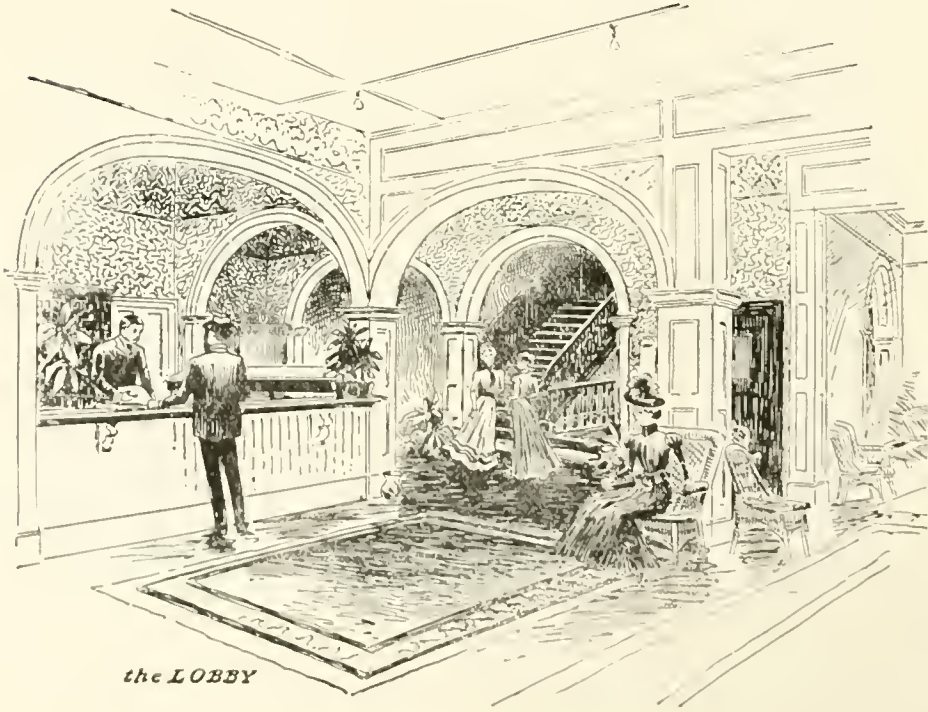
Thirty rooms, twelve bath rooms and other improvements have been added to increase the comfort and ease of the guests.

Situated on the Main Drive between the Casino and the Bathing Beach, the Hotel commands at all times the best view of the ever varying life of the Pier.

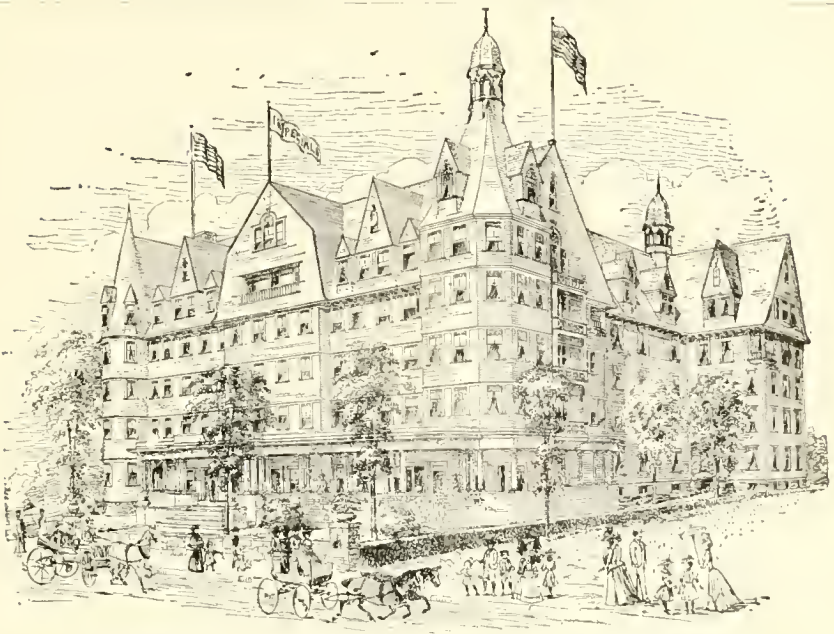
An orchestra is in attendance throughout the season and the cuisine is such as to meet with the approval of the epicure.

Your patronage is earnestly solicited with the conviction that we can acquit ourselves with the same degree of satisfaction to our guests of the future as we have to those of the past.

J. G. BURNS & SON, Proprietors.



the LOBBY



THE IMPERIAL, NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., W. A. NYE, Proprietor.
Open from June to October. Send for Booklet. Mention this Magazine.

THE MASSASOIT, NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., JOHN BABCOCK, Superintendent.

The Massasoit has a superb location on the highest ground overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. It is within five minutes of the R. R. Depot, two minutes of the bathing beach and a few rods from the Casino. It has accommodations for 150 guests, has 500 feet of piazza, is provided with modern fire escapes, has water on each floor for fire and other purposes, and every floor is reached by a Graves hydraulic passenger elevator. In every particular this house is a most desirable summer home. Modern conveniences. Five daily mails. Telephone in house. Telegraphic connection with all points, near at hand. Applications by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention.

THE MATHEWSON, NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.

The largest, best located, and most convenient summer hotel on the New England coast. Modern telephone in every bedroom in the hotel.

Open for season of 1900 from June 20 to September 15.

S. W. MATHEWSON, Proprietor. S. W. MATHEWSON, JR., Manager.

Narragansett Pier Railroad.

Time Table

COMMENCING

MONDAY,

JUNE 18, 1900,

GEO. T. LANPHEAR, SUPT.

FROM NARRAGANSETT PIER.

SUNDAY TRAINS, ON AND AFTER JULY 1st.

Train Nos.	1	3	7	9	11	13	15	17	19	21	23	25	27	29	31	33	35	37
LEAVE	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Narragansett Pier	7 15	8 10	10 20	11 30	12 25	2 00	4 15	5 55	6 10	7 45	8 45	7 30	8 30	9 30	4 25	6 15	8 25	9 30
Wakefield	7 22	8 17	10 27	11 37	12 33	2 08	4 23	6 03	6 18	7 53	8 53	7 38	8 38	9 28	4 33	6 22	8 33	9 38
Peace Dale	7 35	8 20	10 30	11 40	12 36	2 11	4 26	6 06	6 21	7 56	8 56	7 41	8 41	9 41	4 36	6 25	8 36	9 41
Kingston, arr.	7 37	8 35	10 45	11 54	——	2 26	4 41	6 21	—	8 11	——	7 56	8 56	——	4 51	6 40	8 51	——
Wickford June., arr.	8 16	9 14	11 18			2 49	5 04	6 58				8 15			5 10			
East Greenwich, "	8 30	9 25	11 27			3 30	5 15	7 09				8 27			5 23			
Auburn "												8 50			5 48			
Providence "	8 50	9 45	11 50			3 18	5 35	7 40				9 05			6 05			
Boston "	10 18	11 18	1 18			4 30	7 00	9 00				10 42			7 33			
Worcester "	11 14	11 14	1 26			4 54	7 26	9 22										
Wood River June., arr.	7 58	9 00	11 15			3 15	5 15			8 31			9 19		6 19			
Westerly "	8 14	9 16	11 31	12 24		3 31	5 29			8 47			9 35		6 35	7 11		
Stonington "	8 24	9 25	11 41	12 34		3 41	5 39			9 00			9 45		6 45			
New London "	8 55	9 52	12 10	12 57		3 50	6 05			P.M.			10 15		7 15	7 43		
New Haven "		11 55	1 00	2 25		5 05	9 05									9 05		
N. Y. Shore Line "		1 58	3 30	4 30		6 58	11 00									11 00		
N. Y. Ston. Line "										7 00								
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M

Train No. 7 will connect with the Colonial Express for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.
Train No. 35 due at Harlem River 2.05 a. m. Through train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

TO NARRAGANSETT PIER.

SUNDAY TRAINS ON AND AFTER JULY 1st.

Train Nos.	2	4	6	8	10	12	16	18	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36	38
LEAVE	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
N. Y. Ston. Line			6 00															
N. Y. Shore Line					5 00			10 02	1 02	2 00								
New Haven					7 55			12 05	2 47	4 05								
			A.M.															
New London			6 40	7 55	9 55			1 50	4 10	5 35			6 45			3 45		
Stonington			7 14	8 22	10 20			2 21	4 06	6 01			7 16			4 16		
Westerly			7 22	8 32	10 29			2 31	4 46	6 11			7 26			4 26		
Wood River June			7 39	8 47	10 45			2 47	4 32	6 27			7 42			4 42		
Worcester				6 37	8 35			12 23	2 29		6 10						4 23	
Boston				6 42	9 00	10 03		1 03	3 00	3 45	5 42			6 2			5 00	7 00
Providence			6 40	8 02	10 15	11 14		2 10	4 15	5 15	7 30			7 57			6 10	8 22
Auburn			7 11											8 11			5 11	
East Greenwich			7 15	8 22	10 36			2 36	4 36	5 36	7 51			8 34			5 34	
Wickford Junction			7 39	8 32	10 46	11 44		2 46	4 47	5 45	8 02			8 46			6 36	
Kingston			8 00	9 01	11 04	11 59		3 04	5 10	6 45	8 16	——	8 00	9 02	——	4 54	6 47	9 03
Peace Dale	6 30	7 26	8 20	9 13	11 16	12 10	1 35	3 16	5 22	6 57	8 28	7 00	8 12	9 14	4 00	5 06	7 01	9 15
Wakefield	6 33	7 29	8 23	9 16	11 19	12 13	1 38	3 19	5 25	7 00	8 31	7 03	8 15	9 17	4 03	5 09	7 04	9 18
Narragansett Pier, arr.	6 41	7 37	8 31	9 24	11 27	12 21	1 46	3 27	5 33	7 08	8 39	7 11	8 23	9 25	4 11	5 17	7 11	9 26
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A M	P M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Freight Train will leave Narragansett Pier for Kingston at 12.35 p. m. Return, leave Kingston at 2.30 p. m. Trains 9, 10, 13, 17, 18, 20, 28, 30, 33 and 34 will not stop at Beach Crossing. Train 20 will connect with Express leaving New York at 1.32 p. m., Saturdays only. Train 22 will connect with the Colonial Express from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, also with train leaving New York at 2.00 p. m., changing at New Haven.

Greene's Inn, Narragansett Pier.

Open the Entire Year.

This inn is designed to supply a recognized want here, viz.: "A good all-the-year-round house," equally adapted to summer and winter requirements. The house was designed with the intention of producing a hostlery that would furnish the creature comforts so commonly found in some of the English inns, and which the great caravansaries lining our coast are furthest possible from furnishing.

The house is strictly first-class in all its appointments, baggage and passenger elevators; heated by steam as well as open fires, rooms en suite with private baths, as well as public baths on each floor; a perfect system of drainage and a water supply from a living spring, pure as crystal. The kitchen, laundry, servants' quarters, etc., are entirely removed from the main house. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious. A large and well appointed stable is in connection with the house.

Remember that Greene's Inn "is open all the year," and is just the place to come when you need a change of scene and air. Try it "out of season." It will save you many a doctor's bill.

Nathanael R. Greene, Prop. Greene's Inn, Narragansett Pier, R. I.

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A quiet, restful homelike hotel, offering every comfort and convenience, a bountiful table with excellent service at exceedingly moderate prices. EARNEST L. CASWELL, Prop.

THE NEW HOTEL GLADSTONE—dainty, delightful accommodating about 300 guests, appeals to the most refined taste. The house is beautifully located but a step from the ocean and bathing beach, and in close touch with the gaiety at Sherry's Casino. While possessing all the attractions incident to ocean resorts, it combines the charm of shaded lawn and noble trees, with a touch of "green country" so rarely found by the sea.

Near by is the "South County Golf Club," and at "Point Judith" the "Country Club" also have polo grounds and an 18-link golf course.

A feature of the hotel will be the fine orchestral music morning and evening.

Bicycle polo daily on The New Gladstone grounds facing the piazza.

J. J. DOTY, Proprietor, Narragansett Pier, R. I.

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Open from June 1st to October 1st.

THE house is finely located on a high elevation, which affords a charming view from all points. The surrounding scenery, with ocean, country and river combined, is unsurpassed on the Atlantic coast. The "Pettaquamscutt" offers numerous attractions to summer visitors, in that it is country and seashore combined. All guests, upon arrival and departure, will be taken to and from the station or steamboat landings free of charge. The board walk, which is laid from the house to the beach, makes a most delightful promenade in the afternoon.

The cuisine is first class. Pure spring water is used for all purposes. The house is lighted by electricity and connected by telephone. A stable is connected. Address:

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PROPRIETOR.
Narragansett Pier, R. I.

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Sojourners in Providence or the General Public when "down town" should

Lunch or Take Dinner at their Dining Hall,

Which is the Most Attractive Dining Room in the city, Richly Decorated in all that is Beautiful in Art, the Furnishings being in Good Accord.

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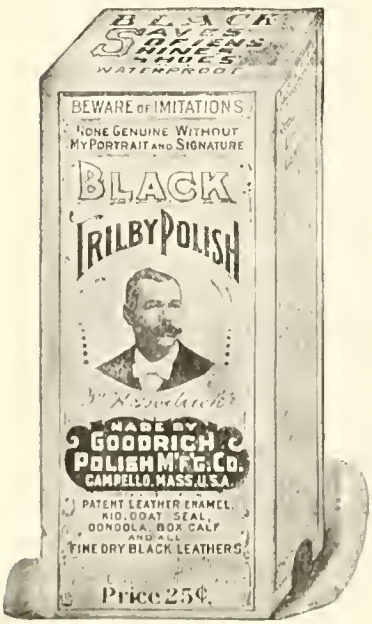
CUISINE THE BEST.

FRENCH CHEF.

Orchestral Concerts Daily from 12:30 to 2:30; 6:00 to 8:00 and 10:00 to 12:00 p. m.

L. A. TILLINGHAST, Manager.



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In Effect — **THE WICKFORD ROUTE.** — **June 10, 1900.**

[Subject to change without notice.]

FROM NEWPORT.

Mls	Train Nos.	1 Ex. Sun.	3 Ex. Sun.	5 Ex. Sun.	7 Ex. Sun.	9 Ex. Sun.	13 Ex. Sun.	15 Ex. Sun.	17 Ex. Sun.	21 Ex. Sun.	19 Daily
	Leave	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
0	Newport, Com'rcial Wharf...	.....	7 05	10 00	.....	1 20	.....	4 10	‡ 7 35	.....	11 15
12	Wickford.....	7 15	8 06	11 01	1 01	2 25	4 31	5 12	8 33	9 02	12 17
13	Belleville.....	7 18	8 09	11 04	1 04	2 29	4 34	5 14	8 36	9 05	12 20
15	Wickford Junction....Arrive	7 23	8 13	11 08	1 08	2 33	4 38	5 19	8 40	9 10	12 25
15	Wickford Junction.... Leave	7 30	8 19	11 18	.. ..	2 49	.....	5 23	9 21	9 30	‡ 5 03
21	East Greenwich..... Arrive	7 42	8 30	11 27	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	9 42	‡.....
35	Providence.. . Union Depot	8 20	8 50	11 50	... ..	3 18	.....	5 50	9 50	10 20	5 33
79	Boston . . .. Arrive	.....	10 18	1 18	.....	4 30	....	7 00	11 00	. ...	6 55
15	Wickford Junction.... Leave	7 26	8 32	11 44	.....	2 38	4 47	6 35	8 47	.....	‡ 1 56
23	Kingston..... Arrive	7 41	8 45	11 59	.....	2 53	5 00	.....	.....	.....	‡.....
31	Wood River Junction.. "	7 58	9 00	.....	.....	.....	5 15	.....	.....	.....	.....
35	Niantic ..... "	8 06	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 21	.....	.....	.....	.....
40	Westerly . . .. "	8 14	9 16	12 25	.....	3 17	5 29	7 14	.....	.....	2 30
45	Stonington ..... "	8 24	9 25	12 35	....	.....	5 39	.....	Washington Express Via Harlem River	.....	.....
49	Mystic..... "	8 31	9 31	.....	.....	.....	5 46	.....		.....	.....
60	New London ..... "	8 55	9 50	12 57	....	3 50	6 05	7 43	10 00	....	3 09
79	Saybrook..... "	.....	10 35	1 36	.....	4 20	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
110	New Haven..... "	.....	11 52	2 25	.....	5 10	9 05	9 05	11 35	.....	4 45
28	Bridgeport... .. .. "	.....	12 25	2 57	.....	5 35	9 36	9 36	12 20	.....	5 17
143	South Norwalk.. ... .. "	....	12 47	3 21	.....	5 55	.....	.....	12 53	.....	5 45
151	Stamford.... ..... "	.....	1 00	3 35	.. ..	6 08	.....	....	1 10	.....	6 02
184	New York .....42d St. Depot	.....	1 51	4 30	.....	6 58	11 00	11 00	‖	. ..	6 58
	Arrive	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.

‡Through train between Wickford Junction, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington without change.
‖ Due Harlem River Station, New York, 2.05 a. m., Philadelphia, 6.40 a. m., Baltimore, 9.29 a. m., Washington, 10.32 a. m.

TO NEWPORT.

Mls	Train Nos.	2 Daily	4 Ex. Sun.	6 Ex. Sun.	8 Ex. Sun.	10 Ex. Sun.	14 Ex. Sun.	18† Ex. Sun.	16 Ex. Sun.	20 Ex. Sun.	22 Ex. Sun.
	Leave	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
0	New York ....42d St. Depot	*12 02	.....	5 00	.....	10 02	.....	1 02	.....	5 00	.....
34	Stamford.....	12 57	..	6 08	....	10 55	...	.....	... ...	...	.....
42	South Norwalk..	1 11	...	6 28	....	11 08	...	.....	.....	...	.....
56	Bridgeport.	1 33	..	7 00	...	11 30	...	2 20	.....	6 20	.....
75	New Haven	2 10	...	7 55	.. .	12 05	....	2 47	...	6 55	.....
106	Saybrook	...	..	9 07	....	12 58	...	3 35	.....	7 42	.....
125	New London	3 49	6 50	9 55	....	1 34	...	4 10	..	8 17	.....
136	Mystic.	.. ...	7 14	10 16	....	....	...	...	...	...	...
140	Stonington.....	.....	7 21	10 21	....	1 57	....	...	...	...	.....
145	Westerly	4 23	7 31	10 30	.....	2 07	....	4 45	.....	8 16	.....
150	Niantic	.....	7 40	10 39	..	...	...	...	...	...	.....
154	Wood River Junction...	...	7 47	10 46	..	...	...	...	...	...	.....
162	Kingston	...	8 04	11 04	...	2 34	....	5 10	...	...	.....
169	Wickford Junction. . Arrive	5 03	8 19	11 18	..	2 49	..	5 23	..	9 21	.....
233	Boston .... Leave	12 03	6 42	10 03	.....	‡1 03	3 00	.....	5 00	7 00	9 27
189	Providence.... Union Depot	‡1 25	8 02	11 14	.....	‡2 10	4 15	....	6 10	8 22	11 10
175	East Greenwich.	..	8 22	... ..	.. ..	..	4 36	.....	.....	....	11 49
169	Wickford Junction. . Arrive	1 56	8 32	11 44	..	2 58	4 47	.....	6 36	8 51	12 00
169	Wickford Junction Leave	5 15	8 32	11 44	1 25	2 49	4 47	5 23	6 36	9 22	12 00
171	Belleville.	5 19	8 36	11 48	1 28	2 53	4 51	5 27	6 39	9 26	12 04
172	Wickford..	5 22	8 39	11 51	1 31	2 56	4 54	5 30	6 42	9 29	12 08
184	Newport, Com'rcial Wharf..	6 35	9 40	1 00	.	4 00	...	6 40	.	10 35	... ...
	Arrive	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

The Popular Wickford and Shore Line Route between Newport, New York, Providence and Boston. Drawing Room Cars on Day Trains. Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Tickets sold and baggage checked at Steamer GENERAL, Commercial Wharf, at Transfer Co.'s Office, No. 30 Thudder's Block, Bellevue avenue, cor. Catherine street.

Drawing Room Car Chairs and Sleeping Car Berths can be secured at Company's Office, Commercial Wharf.

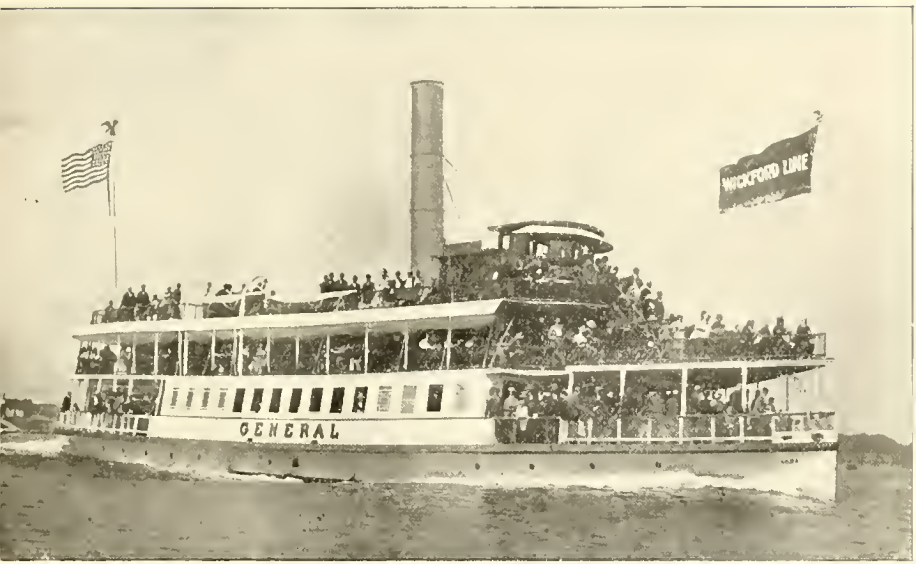
This Time Table shows the time at which trains may be expected to arrive at, and depart from, the several stations; but their arrival or departure at the time stated is not guaranteed, nor does the company hold itself responsible for any delay, or any consequences arising therefrom. The time of connecting roads is shown only for the convenience of the public. This company will not be responsible for errors or changes that may occur

*Following this train is the through Federal Express (via Harlem River), leaving Washington 5.00 p. m., Baltimore 5.58 p. m., Philadelphia 8.10 p. m., due at Wickford Junction 5.14 a. m., Newport 6.35 a. m.

Close connections with boats for Jamestown and Block Island.

C. U. COFFIN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

†No. 18 leaves New York 1.32 p. m., Wickford Junction 5.37 p. m., due Newport 7.00 p. m. (Saturdays only) till Sept 1st.



STEAMER "GENERAL," WICKFORD LINE.
Plying between Newport and Wickford.

COLD SPRING HOUSE...

WICKFORD, R. I.

The house is pleasantly situated on the western shores of Narragansett Bay, a few rods from the beach, and commands a broad view of the bay, one of the most beautiful sheets of water on the coast, and affording unequalled opportunities for boating, fishing, and bathing.

Cold Spring Beach, which extends in front of the house, has long been noted as the finest on the bay, and is entirely free from the dangerous undertow which is so prevalent in surf bathing.

At a short distance from the house lies the old village of Wickford, which quietly nestles at the head of Wickford Bay, originally made famous, historically, as the headquarters of the Narragansett Sachems.

The Cold Spring Golf Links are situated on a most beautiful site overlooking the bay.

The house is only three minutes walk from the depot and steamboat landing.

Stable connected with the house.

The hotel is thoroughly furnished with all the latest improvements, including bathrooms, etc. The hall or lobby of the hotel has been enlarged this season. Address:

T. C. PEIRCE & SON, Wickford, R. I.

The Thorndike,

Jamestown, R. I.

THIS well-known and popular hotel, located on the water front, overlooking Newport Harbor, opened for the season of nineteen hundred June 15th, under new management.

Many improvements have been made since last season—electric lights in all rooms, kitchen enlarged and remodeled, new music room, complete refurnishing of forty chambers, and many others. It has steam heat, electric bells, large airy rooms, spacious closets, baths, elevator. Long Distance telephone and W. U. telegraph office is but one minute's walk from hotel. The cuisine will be first-class and everything possible will be done for the comfort and convenience of guests.

Golf links are but a short distance from the hotel, good boating, bathing, fishing, pure drinking water.

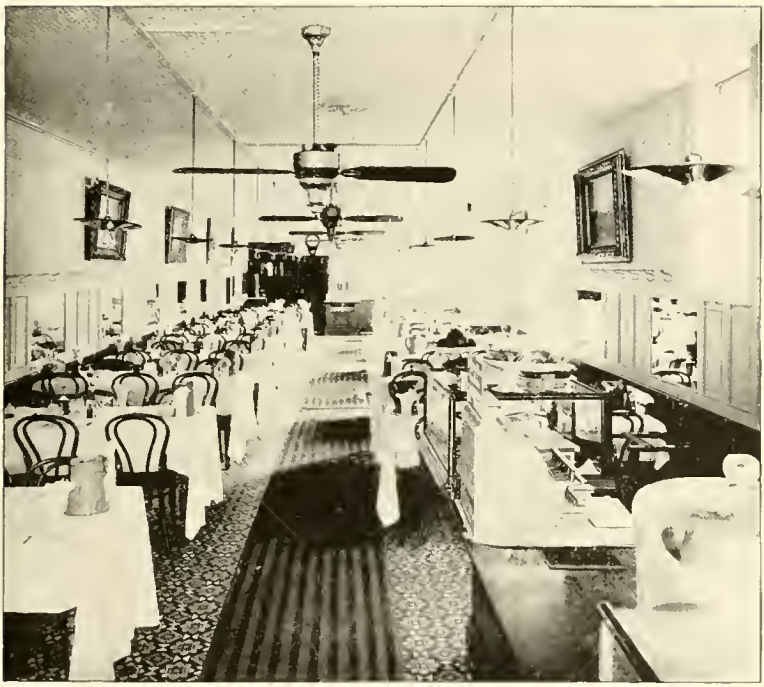
The Thorndike will be conducted this year by Mr. F. H. Chester and Mr. M. S. Gibson, men with long experience in the hotel business. Mr. Gibson was formerly proprietor of the Preble House, Portland, Me.; the Ottawa House, Cushing's Island, Me.; the Lookout Inn, on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, and last season of the Magnolia, Magnolia, Mass. Mr. Chester, manager of the Glen House, White Mountains, N. H.; the Masconomo, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.; Tuileries and Empire, Boston, Mass., and for nine years with the Hotel Brunswick, Boston. They will make the Thorndike a first-class, select family hotel at moderate rates.

JAMESTOWN is most easily accessible from Newport, the steam ferry running about once an hour. Newport may be reached from New York by the steamers of the Fall River Line, coming direct to Newport or Fall River, or by the Shore Line, connecting with steamer at Wickford for Newport. It is distant from Boston about seventy miles via the Old Colony Division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., direct to Newport, or via the Fall River line of steamers.

For information regarding rooms, rates, etc., address

F. H. CHESTER CO.,

JAMESTOWN, R. I.



DINING ROOM—THE ALLEN RESTAURANT, NEWPORT.

The Allen Restaurant,

139 THAMES ST.,
Newport.

Best Restaurant this side of New York. Twenty mirrors. Four Electric Fans. CUISINE unsurpassed. FINE CHEF. Prompt Service. Decorated in white and gold.

Meals at all Hours.

Oysters, Clams, Salads, Broiled Live Lobsters, Home-Made Pies, Bread, Cake and Ice Cream.

D. B. ALLEN, Proprietor.

Telephone Connection.

Hygia Spä Café, Newport.

At Hygia Spä Café, Easton's Beach, Regular SHORE DINNERS are served.

Also Regular Café Service.

D. B. ALLEN, Proprietor.

GARDNER HOUSE, Jamestown, Rhode Island.

This hotel occupies the central position on Conanicut Island, commanding a fine view of Newport Harbor, the War College, the Torpedo Station, and old Fort Adams. Modern conveniences; good stable connected with the house. The table is supplied with all vegetables and farm products from farms owned by the proprietors. Pure Distilled Water is used exclusively in the cuisine and upon the table.

Address N. S. LITTLEFIELD & SON, Proprietors.

BAY VIEW HOUSE, Jamestown, R. I.

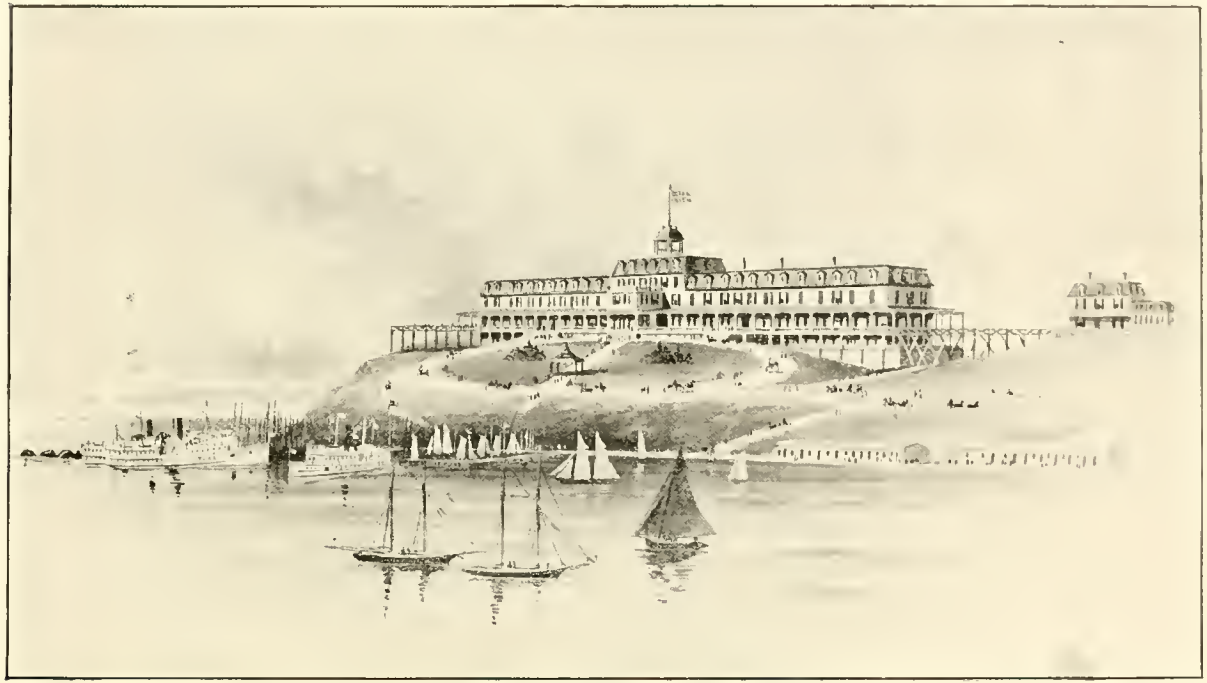
A delightful summer resort that has come rapidly to the front in the past few years, and which is destined to become a second Newport, is Jamestown, the pretty summer settlement at the ocean end of Conanicut Island in Narragansett Bay.

The Bay View House, one of the largest hotels at Jamestown, occupies a fine location overlooking the harbor and commanding a splendid view in all directions. With its cottages and annex it has ample accommodations for 400 people. The house is equipped with electric bells, elevator, gas and other modern improvements. Open from June to October.

Cottage life at Jamestown is quite as popular as at Newport, and indeed some of the handsome estates owned by Jamestown's summer residents rival the Newport villas in beauty and stateliness.

For general information in regard to hotel rates or prices of furnished cottages, apply to

CHARLES T. KNOWLES, Proprietor, Bay View House, Jamestown, R. I.



HARBOR AND OCEAN VIEW HOTEL, BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

"THE OCEAN VIEW" has accommodations for 500 guests, stands high above the water, and occupies the finest site upon the whole island, facing the ocean upon three sides, thereby giving nearly every room a splendid ocean view. The grand veranda of the hotel and cottage, one-quarter mile in length and 20 feet in width, looking down upon the ocean 50 feet below, commands one of the finest views of land and ocean scenery upon the Atlantic coast. The table is supplied with all kinds of sea food, and with the varied products of the Island farms, as well as with all the luxuries and delicacies of the season.

A Golf Link has been added this season, and the layout is said by experts to be one of the best in the country. It is within sight and sound of the sea, as the Scotch links are at St. Andrews.

NICHOLAS BALL HOTEL CO., Proprietors.

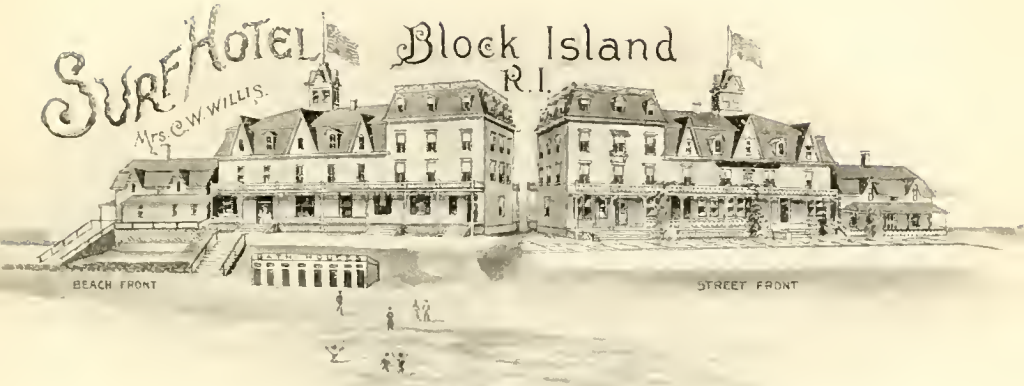
The New Hygeia Hotel, Block Island, R. I.

The Hygeia

Is unsurpassed in location by any hotel on the Rhode Island coast . . . .

Accommodations for 300 guests, equipped with all the modern improvements for convenience and comfort, including gas, speaking tubes, electric bells, open fireplaces, spring beds and hair mattreses, set wash bowls and running mineral spring water. It has elegant bath rooms, with hot and cold, fresh and sea water baths. A wide and spacious veranda encircles the hotel.

For terms and information as to routes, time tables, etc., address Hygeia Hotel Co., William R. Champlin, clerk, Block Island, R. I. R. F. Randall, manager. Special rates to families and at the first and last of the season. Open from June 30th to September 15th.



SITUATED on a bluff overlooking the entire bay, harbor and bathing beach. Outside bath-houses free to guests; also hot salt water baths in the house free. Every room has an ocean view. Enlarged Dining Hall this season.

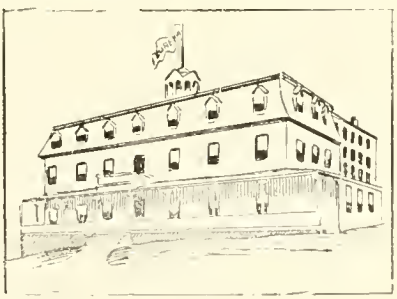
Fresh fish, clams and lobsters direct from the ocean. Also fresh milk and vegetables direct from the farm. Bazaar connected with the house. Teams and boats can be obtained at the office. For further particulars send for circular or write.

Reasonable rates.

MRS. C. W. WILLIS, Proprietor, BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

Eureka Hotel

Block Island, R. I.



ENLARGED and IMPROVED

Finely located on High Ground; No Mosquitoes;
Electric Bells; New Music Hall; Orchestra;
Lighted by Gas; Drainage to the Sea;
Long Distance Telephone; Excellent Table.

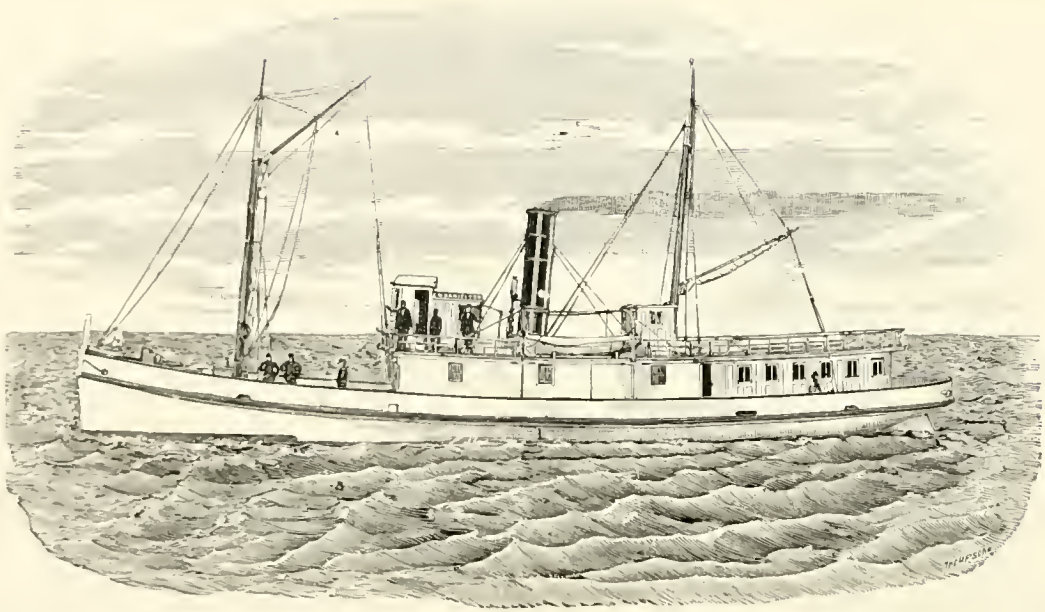
....Write for Circulars.

Carriages on Arrival of all boats.

Open from June to October, 1900.

M. A. BALL, Prop.

(B)



NEWPORT AND BLOCK ISLAND.

U. S. Mail Steamer, "George W. Danielson,"

CAPTAIN DODGE.

Leaves Newport, R. I., daily, Sundays excepted, 1.30 p. m. Returning, leaves Block Island about 7.00 a. m.

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D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE KEARSARGE,

NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

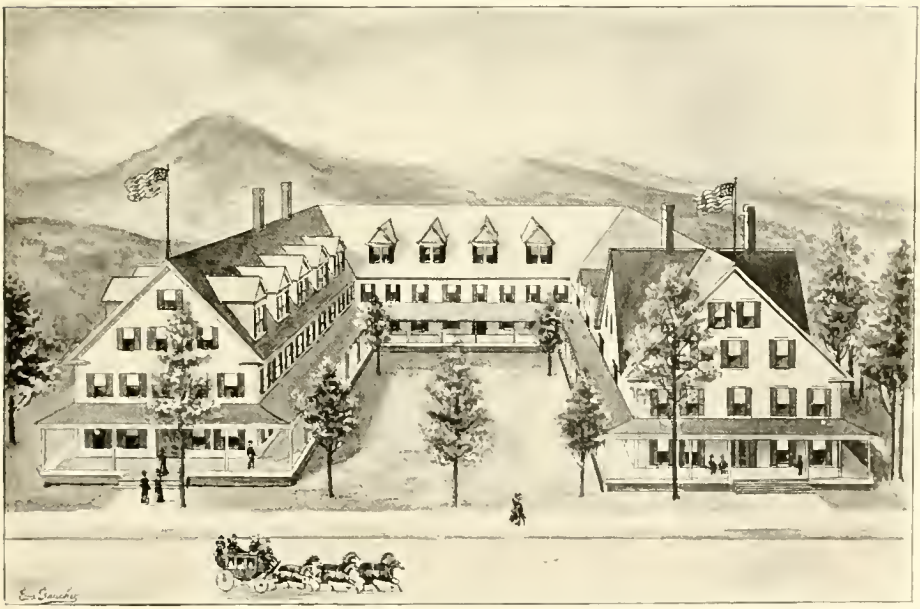
This well known hotel, recently remodeled and extensively improved, is now under the ownership and management of residents of the beautiful village in which it is located, and no pains will be spared to make it an ideal resort, either for the party seeking a summer home, or for the traveler making a shorter stay to visit the noted places of interest at the oldest summer resort in New Hampshire, and desiring magnificent scenery, pure air and water, the best of sanitary conditions, beautiful walks and drives, a first-class table, and home comforts at a moderate cost. Two hundred and fifty guests can be accommodated in rooms, large, well ventilated, and lighted by electricity, the views from which cannot be surpassed in New Hampshire. The hotel has modern appointments, including Steam Heat, Electric Bells, Telegraph and Long Distance Telephone, Open Plumbing and Private Baths, several having been added the present season. Spacious lawns and shade trees surround the hotel, there are Golf Links, Tennis Courts, Boating and Fishing.

For booklet and rates apply to

J. L. GIBSON, Manager.

HOTEL EASTMAN,

North Conway, N. H.



HOTEL EASTMAN, NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

THIS HOTEL has long been noted under the name of the "EASTMAN HOUSE," for its excellent table, shady lawns and ample play-grounds for lawn tennis, croquet, etc. The views from its broad piazzas and from the neighborhood of the hotel are grand.

During the last two years fifty rooms have been added to the house, giving accommodations now to one hundred and sixty guests.

We have a large Music Room, Orchestra, Electric Lights, and one of the finest Dining Rooms in the mountains, with ample accommodations for two hundred guests. Our own excellent farm furnishes the hotel daily with fresh vegetables, butter and milk.

A large and well-equipped Livery connected with the hotel.

Terms reasonable.

ALFRED EASTMAN, PROPRIETOR.
NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

RANDALL HOUSE,

White Mountains,

North Conway, - - - - - New Hampshire.

One of the Finest Locations in North Conway. Noted for its excellent table. Five minutes walk to beautiful groves. Bath-rooms, electric lights and all modern improvements.

Terms: $2.00 per day; $7.00 to $12.00 per week. GOOD LIVERY CONNECTED WITH THE HOTEL.

For Further information address

H. H. RANDALL,
Proprietor.

Centre Villa,

North Conway, N. H.

Opens June 15th. Situated in the centre of the town, directly opposite the Kearsarge House, it affords the finest views of the mountains that surround this broad valley.

Good table; modern improvements. Special rates for June and September.

CENTRE VILLA, North Conway, N. H. Fred G. Eastman, Proprietor.

KEARSARGE HALL, (opposite the Kearsarge Hotel), **NORTH CONWAY, N. H.**
MRS. L. J. RICKER, Proprietor.

This hotel is open throughout the year. It is one of the most attractive houses in North Conway, situated on Main street, about half way between the Boston & Maine and Maine Central depots. Thompson's Grove is a part of the grounds of Kearsarge Hall, including the walk to Artist Falls. The visitor at Kearsarge Hall finds every provision for comfort and enjoyment, such as electric lights, the best of plumbing, grounds for croquet and tennis, and good accommodations for wheels. Milk and vegetables are supplied from the farm, and a first-class livery stable is connected with the house. The rooms in the house are spacious, and from every one an elegant view is afforded. New additions this year.

PENDEXTER MANSION AND COTTAGE,

INTERVALE, N. H.

Situated upon high ground; a grand view of the mountains and Intervale. Golf course.

SPECIAL RATES for May, June and October; steam heat throughout.

P. & C. P. P. DROWN, Proprietors.

The Pequawket, Intervale, N. H.

THE PEQUAWKET HOUSE is beautifully located in one of the most charming valleys of New Hampshire, within full view of the White Mountains. Rooms large and comfortable; electric lights; pure spring water; vegetables from the house garden.

The most delightful walks and drives can be enjoyed throughout this region. Echo Lake, at the base of White Horse Ledge, has been leased by the house, and is stocked with salmon.

MRS. H. A. VICKERY, Intervale, N. H.

THE INTERVALE HOUSE,

Intervale, N. H.

The largest of the half dozen hotels at Intervale, is one of the best managed houses in New Hampshire. The view afforded from the front of the hotel is unsurpassed by any other in the White Mountains. Near by and to the east of the hotel is Mt. Kearsarge, and in every direction lofty mountain peaks are visible, which serve to shut in one of the most charming valleys of all this mountain region. The walks and drives are beautiful; the house is equipped with a large stable.

The Intervale House is furnished with all modern improvements and conveniences, and lighted throughout by electricity. There are bath rooms, steam heat and open fireplaces, telegraph and long-distance telephone offices. The sanitary arrangements and drainage are scientifically constructed. Pure water from a mountain spring in abundance. The cuisine is under the management of a first-class chef, and the products of the Intervale farm, combined with the choicest the market affords, render the table unexceptionable. There are two cottages connected with the house.

HERBERT S. MUDGETT, Proprietor,

INTERVALE, N. H.

Joseph Olney & Son,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COAL AND WOOD

OFFICE:

343 SOUTH WATER STREET,

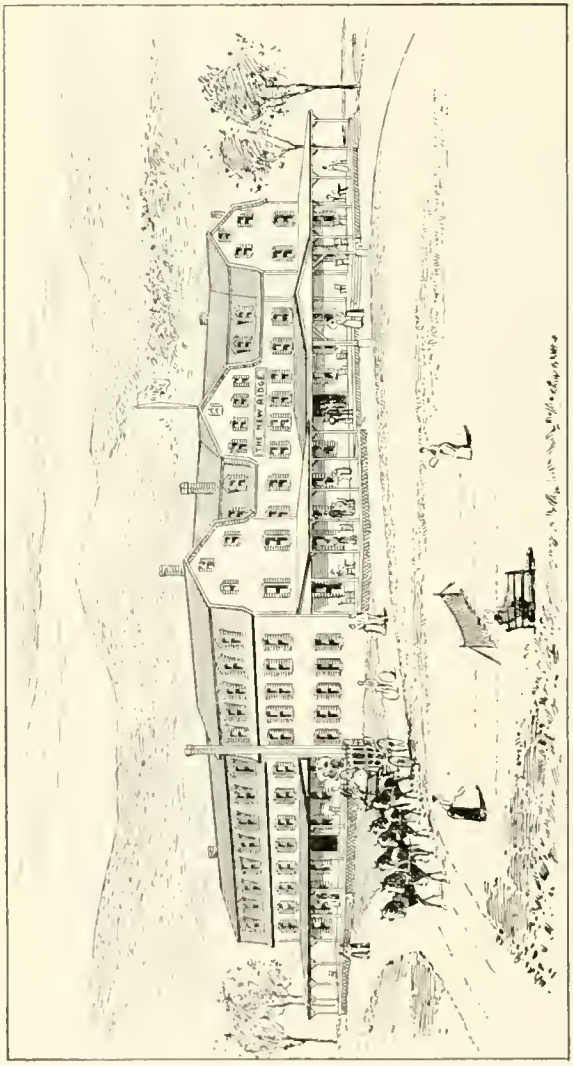
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE RUSSELL COTTAGES, Kearsarge Village, North Conway, N. H.

The Russell Cottages are a collection of buildings lying in the picturesque glen of Kearsarge Brook, with accommodations for one hunderd and fifty guests. The situation is near to the other fashionable hotels, shops and railroad stations of the village, but happily screened by deep woods and rocky ridges, thus enjoying a peace and serenity all their own. Before the doors flows the brook, a delightful place of rendesvous; and the background is occupied by the famous ledges overlooked by Moat Mountain itself. It is but one mile from the cottages to the base of Mount Kearsarge and four miles to its summit.

F. W. & H. W. RUSSELL, Proprietors.

THE DELL, Kearsarge Village, Opposite the Hotel.



THE NEW RIDGE AND COTTAGES, KEARSARGE, N. H.

THE NEW RIDGE and COTTAGES.

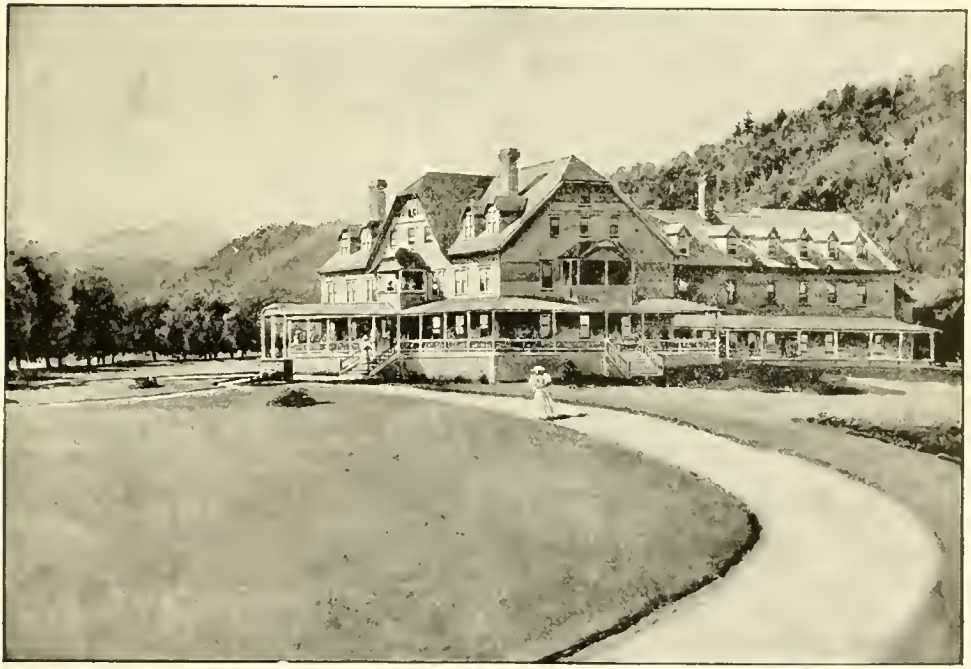
Situated on the site of the old hotel that was burned, it is a perfectly appointed, first-class hotel, in an exceptionally fine location, one and one-half miles from the North Conway station, near the base of Mount Kearsarge. Steam heat has been introduced, so that the guests may come early, or remain late in the autumn, and be comfortable. The dining room is now in the southeast (front) corner, with an open fire-place. Electric lights throughout — no more kerosene lamps. Western Union telegraph in the house. Well-equipped livery stable in connection.

The new house is completely refurnished, including iron bedsteads and quartered-oak suites for the chambers. Fishermen and hunters will find as good sport here as at any place in the State, where they can also have all the comforts of civilization after a hard day's tramp. Coach to and from all trains. Post-office opposite the hotel; four mails daily. For terms, etc., address

H. H. DOW, MANAGER,
KEARSARGE, N. H.

The Iron Mountain House,

JACKSON, N. H.



In the heart of the White Mountains, and at the entrance of the famous Peabody Glen. The house is one of the most attractive and spacious of the Mountain houses; surrounded by broad piazzas. The house is supplied with pure spring water, and equipped with modern conveniences, including electric bells, electric lights, steam heat, fire places, etc. Vegetables from the house garden, rich milk from the herd of cows owned by the proprietor. Stable connected with the house. Good trout fishing. This house opens early in June, and remains open until late in October. It will also be opened at any time during the winter months for parties who wish to visit the mountains to enjoy the beautiful scenery, fine sleighing and snow-shoeing. One of the most desirable places for enjoying the autumn foliage. Accommodates 100 guests. Guests are met at Glen Station, two and a half miles distant, by the hotel carriages on arrival of all trains from Boston. Address:

W. A. MESERVE, Manager,

JACKSON, N. H.

Send for Illustrated Booklet.

SQUAM LAKE HOUSE,

J. M. Cotton, Prop.,

ASHLAND, N. H.

This house is situated at the gateway of Squam Lake, five minutes walk to boat landing. Good boating and fishing.

The rooms are large and airy, newly furnished, with all modern improvements, including hot and cold water baths. Lighted by electricity and heated by steam.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

ALMY'S PATENT SECTIONAL WATER TUBE BOILERS

—FOR—

Steamships, River Steamers, both propellers and stern wheels, Torpedo Boats, Fire Boats, Yachts, Launches, Donkey Boilers for Steam Ships, and for all kinds of Stationary Work . . .

This Boiler possesses more advantages than any other Boiler.

It has **Stood the Test** of over ten years' constant daily use in passenger steamers, and is in use in many of the best steam yachts. It has proved its durability to be equalled by none. It has shown from 10 to 15 per cent. saving in every-day work over the best Marine Fire-tube Boiler.

It is one-third the weight of the Scotch Boiler for the same power and efficiency. It is non-explosive. No priming, and easy to manage.

Almy Water-Tube Boiler Co.

178-184 ALLEN'S AVENUE, NEAR RHODES STREET,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

☞ WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

NEW HOTEL WEIRS, ON LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, WEIRS, NEW HAMPSHIRE. SEASON OF 1900.

DR. J. A. GREENE, PROPRIETOR.

COL. FREEMAN C. WILLIS. MGR., FORMERLY OF THE DEER PARK HOTEL AND OF THE FIRM OF BUCHANAN & WILLIS.

MOUNT LIVERMORE HOUSE AND HALL.

THE GOLF, MT. LIVERMORE HOUSE.

The above houses are run in connection with THE TOWERS, which is shown on opposite page.

Mount Livermore House. Address B. F. JEWELL, Proprietor, Holderness, N. H.

. . The Towers. . .

The Towers, in architectural attractiveness and general plan for convenience and comfort, has no superior in any New England summer resort. The rooms are all arranged in suites, with hardwood floors throughout, and all affording broad views of the lake and mountain ranges. The lake is directly in front, to the left Red Hill and old Chocorua looms up grandly, the summit of the latter apparently almost reaching the sky. In the foreground, a little to the right, the Belknap range is plainly visible; further round to the westward are the Bridgewater Mountains, and to the northward Mount Livermore completes the circle, with minor peaks intervening at almost every point of the compass.

THE TOWERS.

A public parlor leading out of the office fronts on the water; broad piazzas extend along the whole front of the house and around the sides. The dining hall in the centre of the house, with accommodations for 250 guests, is perfectly lighted with windows on both sides.

Electric bells, perfect sanitary conditions, the drainage being the best; fine baths and toilet rooms, with perfect plumbing.

The house is well heated by hot water and hot air systems.

Long-distance telephone connection. A large bowling alley affords healthful pastime for guests. Good livery.

Ample conveniences for golf, tennis, and in fact all out-door sports. Good fishing and boating.

Our prices will be from $8.00 to $21.00 per week.

Address

B. F. JEWELL, Proprietor,

Mount Livermore House. HOLDERNESS, N. H.

Eclipse Automobile Co.,

SOUTH EASTON, MASS.

ECLIPSE AUTOMOBILE.

Our steam automobile is Absolutely Safe and Honestly Made.

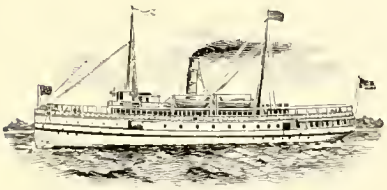
It has a speed record of a mile in 1.33 3-5 over a measured mile on the State Road.

A Water Tube Boiler tested to 1,000 pounds cold water pressure.

NO TORCH REQUIRED TO START OUR BURNER.

Perfect Steering Gear. Steel Frame, thoroughly brazed, making practically one piece, with no bolts or nuts to drop off.

Excursions from Boston along the North Shore and to Cape Ann.



A Boston and Gloucester Steamer.

THE BEST WAY by which the summer traveler can enjoy the beauties of the picturesque shores of Massachusetts north of Boston is to take a trip by the new and palatial steel steamer **CAPE ANN**, and the popular steamer **CITY OF GLOUCESTER** of the

Boston and Gloucester Steamboat Co.

Each town and city in this region has an historic interest, and is worth a visit for its own sake.

THIS ROUTE affords to tourists one of the finest ocean trips along the North Shore, a distance of thirty miles, with scenery unsurpassed. Some of the points of interest seen from the deck of the steamer are the Beautiful Islands of Boston Harbor, including Forts Independence and Winthrop, and Deer Island, and also a view of all the lighthouses of the Bay. Passing out of Boston Harbor, the first sight of interest is the renowned summer resort of **Nahant**, its shores and beaches lined with cottages and summer residences. Next come the shores of **Swampscott** and the quaint old town of **Marblehead**. Then passing Halfway Rock, where the crews of the fishing fleet cast their pennies on their outward trips for good luck and safe return. Next in view come Lowell and Baker's Islands, off the shores of Beverly. Lowell Island, with its large hotel, makes one of the many beautiful spots on the coast.

On Baker's Island are the Twin Lights so well known to mariners entering Salem and Beverly Harbors. Then comes **Manchester-by-the-Sea**, one of the most fashionable watering places on these shores. Then comes Magnolia, with its walks to Rafe's Chasm, and Norman's Woe Rock, made famous by Longfellow's poem "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

Entering the harbor gives one a fine view of the city of Gloucester, the most renowned fishing port in the world; also noted for its drives and beautiful summer resorts for pleasure-seekers. The harbor is noted for its beautiful beaches for sea bathing, as well as for its boating and fishing.

THE STEAMERS connect at Gloucester with the Gloucester and Rockport Electrics, which run through Main street, out over Little Good Harbor Beach, across Brier Neck to the new summer resort at Long Beach, a delightful ride of two and a half miles. At the Pavilion on Long Beach can always be obtained a first-class fish dinner. The traveler has ample opportunity to visit this charming spot, from which is had one of the finest views on the whole North Shore, refresh the inner man and take the steamer on her return to Boston.

The Gloucester electrics offer delightful rides, either to Rocky Neck on the east side of the harbor, or to Lanesville on the north side of the Cape. No ride in Essex County presents more diversified scenery of land and sea than the latter, and the stay of the steamer at Gloucester allows sufficient time for its enjoyment.

Steamers of this line leave North Side Central Wharf.

See Boston daily papers for Time-table of Steamers.

E. S. MERCHANT, Treas. and Gen'l Manager, Boston.

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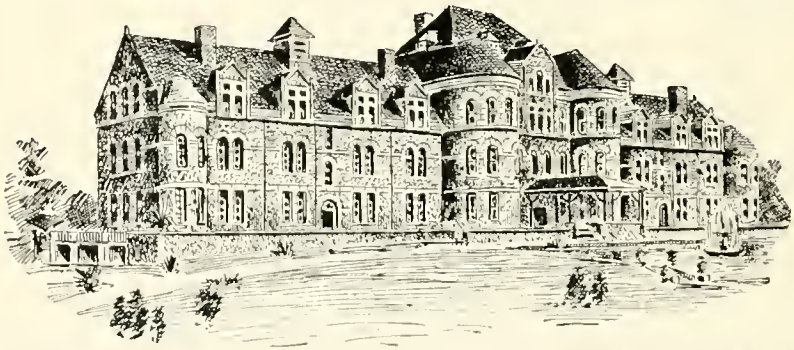
THE SOLOMON SANITARIUM,

For the Treatment of Cancers, Tumors, and Chronic Diseases.

ATTLEBORO, MASS.



JAMES M. SOLOMON, M.D., may be consulted daily, free of charge, at 2 A Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., from 10:30 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. All forms of Tumor, Cancer, (both internal and external) and Chronic Diseases are successfully treated without pain, loss of blood or knife. Complete Electric and Catarrhal Department; "X Ray" examination made, etc.

The Sanitarium is beautifully situated, has sanitary plumbing, pure spring water, trained nurses always in attendance, and is an ideal place for patients requiring special care and scientific treatment. Terms reasonable. For further information call or write

JAMES M. SOLOMON,
2 A Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING OF OUR ISLAND SUMMER RESORTS . . . . . .

Bathing Beach, Edgartown.

THE quaintness of the place lends an attraction that is a source of great interest to all who spend their vacation here.

A Part of Edgartown Harbor, as seen from the Harbor View Hotel.

EDGARTOWN, MASS.

FOR A DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE, AND ALL OF THE PLEASURES THAT THE SEASHORE AFFORDS THIS ANCIENT TOWN IS UNEXCELLED

North Water Street, Edgartown.

Harbor Light, Edgartown.

Cliffs at Gay Head.

Surf on South Shore.

New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamboat Co.

COMMENCING JUNE 10, 1900. Subject to Change without Notice.

FOR Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Cottage City, Edgartown, Vineyard Haven and Wood's Hole.

	Week Days.				Sundays	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave						
New Bedford	8.25	10.20	2.25	5.25†	8.25	.....
Woods Hole	9.45	11.45	3.45	6.45	9.45	.....
West Chop	.....	.....	.....	7.20	.....	.....
Cottage City	10.25*	12.45*	4.30	7.45	10.25*	.....
Arrive						
Vineyard Haven	.....	1.10‡	.....	.....	.....	.....
Edgartown	.....	.....	.....	8.30	.....	.....
Nantucket	12.45	.....	6.45	.....	12.45	.....
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

FROM Nantucket, Edgartown, Cottage City, Vineyard Haven and Woods Hole.

	Week Days.				Sundays.	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave						
Nantucket	.....	7.00	.....	1.00	1.00	.....
Edgartown	6.05	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Cottage City	6.50	9.20	12.45*	3.25*	3.25*	.....
Vineyard Haven	.....	.....	1.20‡	.....	.....	.....
West Chop	7.15	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Woods Hole	7.55	10.05	2.05	4.05	4.05	.....
Arrive						
New Bedford	9.20	11.03	3.30	5.30	5.30	.....
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Vineyard Highlands omitted.
†On and after July 30, leaves New Bedford at 4.45 p. m.
‡Carriages will connect to and from West Chop.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

New Bedford to Cottage City and Return, good until October 31, 1900 ..... $1.00
New Bedford to Nantucket and Return, good until September 30, 1900 ..... $2.00

CHAUNCEY G. WHITON, AGENT, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

HOTEL HARBOR VIEW, Edgartown, Massachusetts.

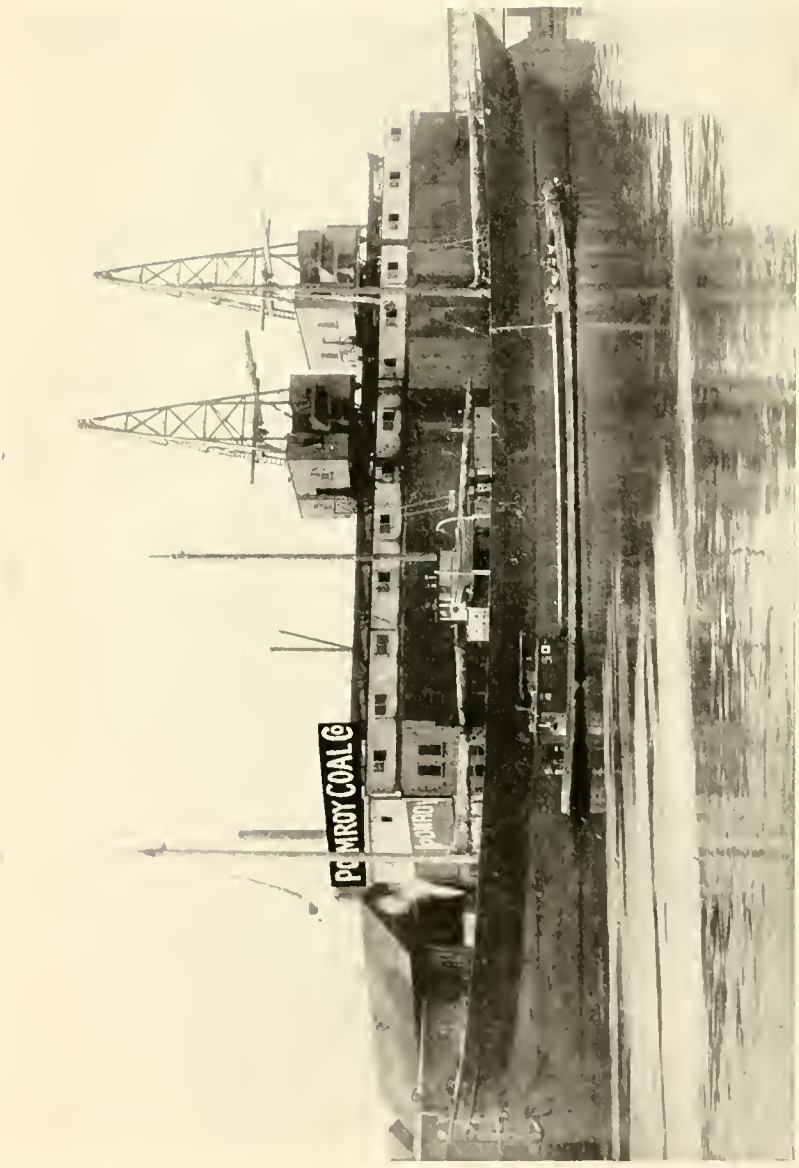
The hotel (comparatively new) is arranged in the form of two oblongs, corner to corner, making it possible for all the rooms to receive a generous supply of pure air, with the water everywhere in sight. Broad, covered piazzas extend entirely around the house. The interior is cheerful, and furnished throughout in a comfortable and home-like manner. The music room is a handsome, large apartment, light and airy, and finished in North Carolina pine, with a fine floor for dancing.

The capacity of the dining-room has been enlarged again the present year by throwing out an alcove on the north side. No modern convenience is lacking. The house has gas, open fireplaces in the public rooms, bath and toilet rooms on each floor, improved plumbing, perfect system of drainage, smoking and billiard rooms.

Each room has a call-bell, and all beds are furnished with the best hair mattresses. Pure spring water from a driven well sixty feet in depth supplies the house.

SAILING, FISHING, BATHING, GOLFING, BOWLING.

For further information address F. A. DOUGLAS, Edgartown, Massachusetts.



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Providence, Fall River and Newport Steamboat Co.

COMMENCING JUNE 26, 1900,

The Famous Observation Steamer

"MOUNT HOPE"

Will leave Providence from Dyer Street Wharf, Foot of Hay Street, for

NARRAGANSETT PIER and BLOCK ISLAND.

Leave Providence 9 a. m. (WEEK DAYS). Leave Providence 10 a. m. (SUNDAYS). Returning, leave Block Island 2.45 p. m., Narragansett Pier, 4 p. m., week days and Sundays, touching at Newport each way.

EXCURSION TICKETS, (GOOD UNTIL SEPTEMBER 5) — **Block Island and Return, $1.00. Children, - - 50 Cents.**

Commencing JULY 1st, Triple Daily Service to

NEWPORT,

Leaving Providence, week days, 9 a. m., 2 and 5 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m., 2 and 8 p. m. Leave Newport, week days, 7.15, 10.30 a. m., 5 p. m. Sundays, 8, 11.30 a. m., 5 p. m.

EXCURSION TICKETS ONLY 60 CENTS.

For Prudence and Conanicut:—

Leave Providence at 5 p. m., week days, and 8 p. m., Sundays. Leave Newport 7.15 a. m., week days, and 8 a. m., Sundays. Fridays only, leave Providence 9 a. m., and Newport 5 p. m.

For Rocky Point,

Every hour on the hour, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and 7.30 p. m. Return 15 minutes past the hour, 11.15 a. m. to 6.15 p. m., then 7.45 and 10.10 p. m.

For Field's Point Every 30 Minutes,

7, 9, 10 a. m., to 4.30, then 5.30, 6.15, 6.45, 8 p. m.

Every 30 Minutes to Crescent Park,

7, 10, and every 30 minutes to 8.30 p. m. For SILVER SPRING and RIVERSIDE, 7, 9, 10.30 and hourly until 5.30 p. m., then 6.15, 6.45, 8 p. m.

For Bristol and Fall River,

(From wharf foot of Power street) 3 p. m., week days, 8 p. m., Sundays. (See time table at ticket office).

A. H. WATSON, President and General Manager.
B. BUFFUM, Supt. Transportation.

SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

D'WOLF INN, BRISTOL, R. I.

This hotel, which has been built but three years, has every modern convenience, and accommodations for two hundred guests.

The rooms are very large, airy and light and are all provided with a roomy closet. The plan of the hotel provides suites of two or three rooms and private bath, making a convenient and delightful arrangement for a family party. Every item of furnishing throughout the house is new this season and has been selected with a view to comfort as well as taste.

VIEW FROM PIAZZA.

The D'Wolf Inn is situated on Bristol Harbor, and is separated from the water's edge by a forty-foot lawn. The piazzas are very broad and two hundred and fifteen feet long, and provide hours of solid comfort.

The management are giving special attention to the cuisine and dining room service. Bristol Harbor is where the famous yachts, Columbia, Defender, Vigilant, Gloriana and others first saw the water, and the hotel piazzas afford an animated spectacle of yachts and races during the summer season. The fishing is unsurpassed. Golfing is one of the leading pastimes. Music and dancing in the hotel. Correspondence is solicited regarding rates, selection of rooms, etc.

B. C. SKINNER & CO., Proprietors.

Seaconnet Steamboat Co.

J. A. PETTEY, GENERAL MANAGER,

P. O. BOX 1053. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Steamer AWASHONKS, "Queen of the Seaconnet River."

Time Table on and after June 25, 1900.

Steamer Awashonks

Will leave PROVIDENCE, foot of Planet street, East Side, for SEACONNET POINT, daily, (Sundays excepted), at 9 o'clock a. m.

Bristol	10.15 a. m.
Tiverton	10.50 a. m.

Returning, LEAVE

Seaconnet	3.00 p. m.
Pierce's Wharf	3.35 p. m.
Humphreys & Church's Wharf, Tiverton	3.55 p. m.
Bristol	4.35 p. m.

Sundays, LEAVE

Providence	10.00 a. m.
Seaconnet Point	3.00 p. m.

PIANO ON BOARD FOR USE OF PATRONS.

Steamer Queen City

Will leave SEACONNET POINT daily, (Sundays excepted), for PROVIDENCE, at 6.30 o'clock a. m.

Pierce's Wharf	7.15 a. m.
Newtown	7.35 a. m.
Humphreys & Church's Wharf, Tiverton	7.50 a. m.
Returning, leave PROVIDENCE, foot of Planet street, East Side	2.30 p. m.
Humphreys & Church's Wharf, Tiverton	4.40 p. m.

Sundays, leave PROVIDENCE at 9.30 a. m., stopping at Bristol, Tiverton and Pierce's Wharf. Return, via Awashonks at 3 p. m.

MATINEE EXCURSION Every Saturday Afternoon. **Excursion to Bristol daily.**
All Freight must be delivered 20 Minutes before sailing. All Freight C. O. D. All Baggage must be plainly marked to destination.

SHORE DINNERS

SERVED IN NEW DINING HALL, SEACONNET POINT, DAILY.

Steamer AWASHONKS will stop at Pierce's Wharf, Tiverton and Bristol.
Will land at Seaconnet, weather permitting.

EXCURSION RATES.

Barbour's Heights Cottage,

P. O. Address: WICKFORD, R. I.

THIS new house is located on Narragansett Bay, near Plum Beach, and it is reached by the Sea View Line of electric cars.

The house is modern in every respect; broad piazzas; every room has a water view; hot water heat. Beach about 600 feet from the cottage. Milk and vegetables furnished from the home farm. Pure Spring water.

Barbour's Heights Farm consists of 190 acres, 80 acres of which have been platted especially for summer cottages. The highest point on the plat is 202 feet above the waters of the bay. For particulars address

F. P. W. TEFFT, Proprietor, · · Wickford, R. I.

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WATCH HILL, R. I.

Best Located and Largest Hotel at Watch Hill.
Accommodates 400 People. GgolF.

GEO. C. HOWE, Proprietor.

ATLANTIC HOUSE, Watch Hill "By-the-Sea." Opens its 9th season under the management of Mr. C. W. Russell.

The Atlantic House is one of the oldest and best known hotels at Watch Hill. It is situated on high ground, commanding all water views, has spacious piazzas, good Lawn tennis grounds, and is a delightful place for children. Drainage is perfect. The house has electric bells. Good music. The hotel is near the beach, which is one of the best and safest in the country. Mosquitoes and flies are "conspicuous by their absence." The table is maintained at the highest standard of excellence. Twenty-seven hole Golf Course. Prices reasonable.

C. W. RUSSELL, Atlantic House, Watch Hill, R. I.

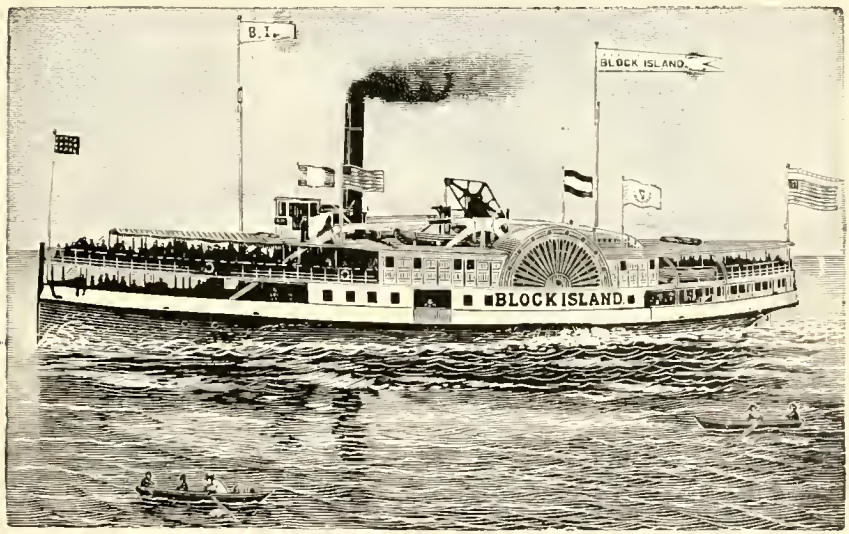
NEW LONDON STEAMBOAT CO.

THE FAVORITE ROUTE!

On and after June 30, 1900,

—THE—

Steamer "BLOCK ISLAND"



WILL MAKE DAILY TRIPS (Sundays excepted) between Norwich and New London, Conn., and the seaside resorts at Watch Hill and Block Island, leaving Norwich about 8.00 a. m., and New London on arrival of morning trains, arriving at Block Island in time for dinner, and returning in time to make all train and steamboat connections.

Connections will be made at New London with Central Vermont Railway from and for all points north and west, and Springfield, Mass.; with New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad from and for New York and the west and south (via New York), New Haven and Hartford, Conn., and with the New York steamers of the Norwich Line, from and for New York, the south and west: and at Watch Hill via Stonington and Watch Hill Ferry, with steamers of the Stonington Line.

By this route passengers save all expense for transfer of person or baggage, between the steamer running from and to the wharf adjoining the Union Passenger Station and wharf of Norwich Line of steamers at New London.

D. MACKENZIE, General Manager, New London, Conn.
J. A. SOUTHARD, General Passenger Agent.

WATCH HILL HOUSE,

WATCH HILL, R. I.

The Watch Hill House opened its twenty-ninth season June 20th, 1900. This well known hotel is located on the highest and most central ground of any hotel at the Hill, with a frontage of one hundred and sixty-five feet and a wing of one hundred and twenty-five feet. Encompassed by broad piazzas, it furnishes a most delightful view of old ocean.

Additions have been made to the dining room, giving now a seating capacity for four hundred people.

The hotel now has ten suites of rooms, with baths and toilets attached, also a sufficient number of public baths.

The house has been painted and decorated inside and out, and is now in every respect one of the best equipped hotels on the New England coast.

The main building is four stories high, topped by a lookout tower, from which a fine view for miles around can be obtained of the surrounding country.

Hot and cold sea baths and good surf bathing. Golf.

For further particulars apply to Watch Hill House, Watch Hill, R. I.

MRS. A. R. HALE, Proprietor.
D. C. BABCOCK, Manager.

HOTEL COLUMBIA,

WATCH HILL, R. I.

C. W. Johnson,

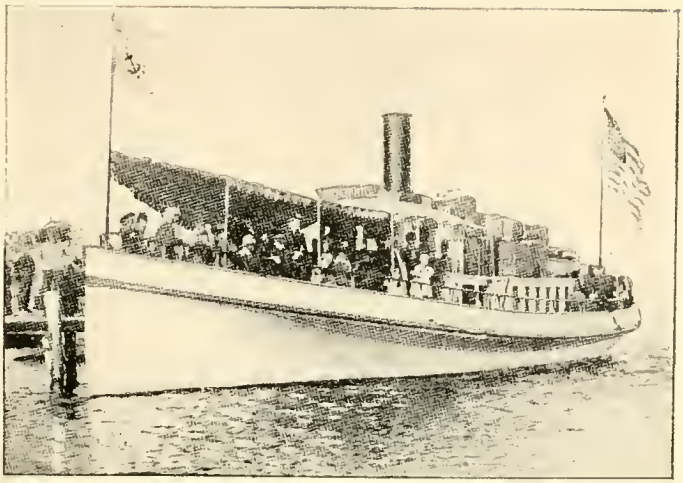
PROP.

WATCH HILL is a peninsular, having the Atlantic Ocean on the East and South, and Little Narragansett Bay on the West.

It is connected with Westerly by a good drive road and electric car line.

A fine and perfectly safe bathing beach is within one minute's walk from hotel.

Four hour's ride from New York City via New Haven Shore Line Railroad to Stonington, or by Stonington Steamboat Line. The steamer Watch Hill connects with all trains and boats at Stonington. Those wishing to go entirely by car leave train at Westerly and take trolley six miles to Watch Hill. Ticket and check through to Watch Hill.



STEAMER "WATCH HILL."

Plies daily between Stonington and Watch Hill. Connects with Trains of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

Plimpton Hotel and Annexes, Watch Hill, R. I.

Entirely New Management.

The PLIMPTON is pleasantly situated near the bay, and from its windows and broad verandas commands extensive views of Bay and Ocean. The Hotel is in fine order and well equipped, the owners last year expending about Ten Thousand Dollars in improvements. Twenty-seven-hole Golf Links. The Elite Hungarian Orchestra will furnish music.

GILBERT JOHNSON, Manager, Plimpton House, Watch Hill, R. I. DIXON HOUSE, Westerly, R. I.

HOTEL PILGRIM, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

H. A. ROBERTS, MANAGER.

HOTEL PILGRIM, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

For many years the Hotel Pilgrim, situated at the head of Plymouth Beach, and connected with the village and the N. Y., N. H. and Hartford R. R. station by finely equipped electric street cars, has been a popular and well patronized summer resort, commanding a most charming and picturesque view of old ocean, Plymouth Harbor, Kingston, Duxbury, Manomet, Gurnet Light, the National and Standish monuments, Pilgrim Hill, etc. The woodland drives, beautiful lakes and ponds, unexcelled fresh and salt water fishing, bathing, sailing, etc., together with excellent cuisine, experienced clerks and attendants, with a first-class livery stable make this hostelry very desirable for families. The grounds are especially adapted for all kinds of outdoor sports, and children have abundant opportunity for healthful exercise and pleasure. The hotel is fitted with steam heat, baths, bowling alleys, billiard hall and laundry, and is comfortably furnished throughout. Telephone and mail service are first-class. The water supply is abundant and of the best quality; the house has perfect drainage. Excellent train service with Boston. Parties leaving New York via Fall River line are due at the hotel for breakfast at 7:30 next A. M.

All desired information may be obtained by addressing

H. A. ROBERTS, Hotel Pilgrim, Plymouth, Mass.

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CONTRACTORS FOR

Artesian, Driven and Hydraulic WELLS

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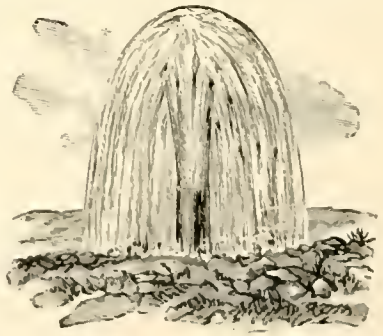
If you are interested in obtaining your own water supply from underground sources, we would be very much pleased to call on you and answer any questions in regard to water and **How to Get it.** We are the best equipped firm in New England for doing well work of any kind, and at the lowest reasonable rates. We have just built a machine with which we can drill a well inside of a building without any inconvenience to you, since it can be taken through a door or window. We are prepared to **Deepen Dry Wells,** and if you have a well that runs dry, we can deepen it without taking it up.



This well was sunk by us at Norcross Bros. Stone Yard, Kinsley avenue, Providence, R. I.

The following are a few of the parties for whom we have sunk Artesian Wells, and to whom we refer: Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence Brewing Co., Manufacturers' Building Co., Wm. Grosvenor, Granger Foundry & Machine Co., Cory & Reynolds, Billings Bros., Frederick E. Perkins, Providence, R. I.; Vulcan Foundry Co., Hand Brewing Co., Pawtucket, R. I.; Eastern Maine Insane Asylum, Bangor, Me., A. M. Herrod, Edison Elec. Lighting Co., Emerson Shoe Co., Brockton Street Railway Co., R. B. Grover & Co., Brockton, Mass.; Emerson Mfg. Co., Lawrence, Mass.; Whitins Bros., Whitins, Mass.; Essex Wood Turning Co., Essex, Conn.; G. A. Wilcox, Madison, Conn.; Uncas Paper Co., Norwich, Conn.; Yantic Woolen Co., Yantic, Conn.; King Philip Brewing Co., Fall River, Mass.

Very respectfully,

D. M. PATT.

THE NORTHERN, LITTLETON, N. H.,

Is one of the strikingly modern, all-the-year-round hotels of New Hampshire, situated on the main street of one of the most beautiful and thrifty villages of New England, within one minute's walk of the railroad depot. The house contains forty-five sleeping rooms, with baths, all of which are supplied with new furniture and bedding, and the floors of these rooms, together with the waiting rooms, hallways, etc., are covered with tapestry and velvet carpets. The house is heated throughout with steam, is supplied with electric lights and speaking tubes, and a passenger elevator runs from the first to the fifth floor.

First-class livery connected, and the prices for teams are very moderate. Cuisine the very best.

The Northern is a very desirable hotel for summer boarders.

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The Prospect House has been newly renovated for the season of 1900. Rooms with or without board at Reasonable Prices, Special terms for the season.

The cuisine will be up-to-date in every particular and the service prompt. The Sanitary Arrangements are perfect. Rooms to let in annex cottages with board in the Hotel.

The Livery Stable is convenient to the Hotel and patrons can enjoy the Delightful Drives and Beautiful Scenery of Conanicut Island, the Gem of the Bay.

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207 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I.

JUL 9 1900

BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL.

(HISTORY).

LOCATED opposite Bond Street is one of the largest public houses in New York. On this memorable site La Farge, a sagacious French investor, built the La Farge House, which was opened in 1856. Back of the Hotel stood Tripler Hall, the scene of Jenny Lind's triumphs The hall was remodeled into Burton's New London Theatre, then the largest in New York, and subsequently into the Winter Garden, where Edwin Booth played HAMLET for one hundred consecutive nights. In 1869 after La Farge's death, and the burning of the Winter Garden, the entire property was acquired by the late E. S. Higgins, the carpet manufacturer, who erected here the most palatial and substantial hotel in New York, at first known as the Southern Hotel, and afterwards as the Grand Central Hotel. The great dining hall occupies the locality made famous by Jenny Lind and Edwin Booth, where Adelina Patti made her first public appearance, and where Rachel met her first American audience. The house in 1892 passed into the proprietorship of the Hon. Tilly Haynes, who had made a notable success of the old United States Hotel at Boston. The original cost of the Broadway Central was $2,000,000, and nearly a quarter of a million more was spent by Mr. Haynes in thoroughly renovating, refitting, refurnishing and reorganizing the entire property. It is a solid and magnificent structure, with seven stories above the main floor, and very spacious and comfortable public rooms. It is admirably protected against fires, having massive stone and brick division walls once in eighteen feet, throughout the main building, with broad halls running the entire length of the building from Broadway to Mercer Street, and numerous stairways together with every possible protection against fire. It is in an interesting part of the city, close to Bleecker street, the Latin quarter of New York; Washington Square, the site of the triumphiae arch; Lafayette and Astor Places, with their libraries, and the centrl of the publishers' quarter; the Bowery, with its picturesque humanity, and the Cooper Institute. Only a few blocks north is the group of buildings pertaining to Grace Church, one of the handsomest sights in the metropolis. In front of the hotel flow the vast and impressive human tides of Broadway.

One of the most important, and sometimes the most expensive things in a great city is the matter of transportation, getting about from one point to another. In this respect no hotel in New York has the convenience of such a central location, together with the rapid and economical transfer to all points, as the Broadway Central Hotel.

The new Broadway cable lines, with their branches and extensions, now cover all the great avennes; the new Lexington Avenue line, coming down from Harlem, on the east side of the Grand Central Station brings passengers direct from 42d St., to the door, while the Broadway line from the Battery to Central Park passes every fashionable store, theatre and attraction of the city. The new Columbus and Lenox Ave. lines take passengers clear up to Grant's Tomb, Harlem River and High Bridge, while both the Third and Sixth Ave. Elevated Roads, one block in front and one in the rear, give every possible facility for reaching all suburban locations at the least possible charge. The Cross-Town cars pass Broadway, both above and below the hotel, connect directly with every foreign and coastwise steamer, all the ferries, Battery, and Brooklyn Bridge trains. *Read King's Handbook of New York City 1895.*

BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL,

Nos. 667 to 677 OPPOSITE BOND STREET. { NEW YORK. } MIDWAY BETWEEN BATTERY AND CENTRAL PARK.

View from Bond Street to Grace Church.

LOCATION ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED for business, sight seeing and pleasure, and will be found exceptionally well located for business men, and saves the annoyance of a twenty minute car ride coming down in the morning.

Broadway Central Hotel, NEW YORK. { TILLY HAYNES, Prop. } United States Hotel, BOSTON.

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